THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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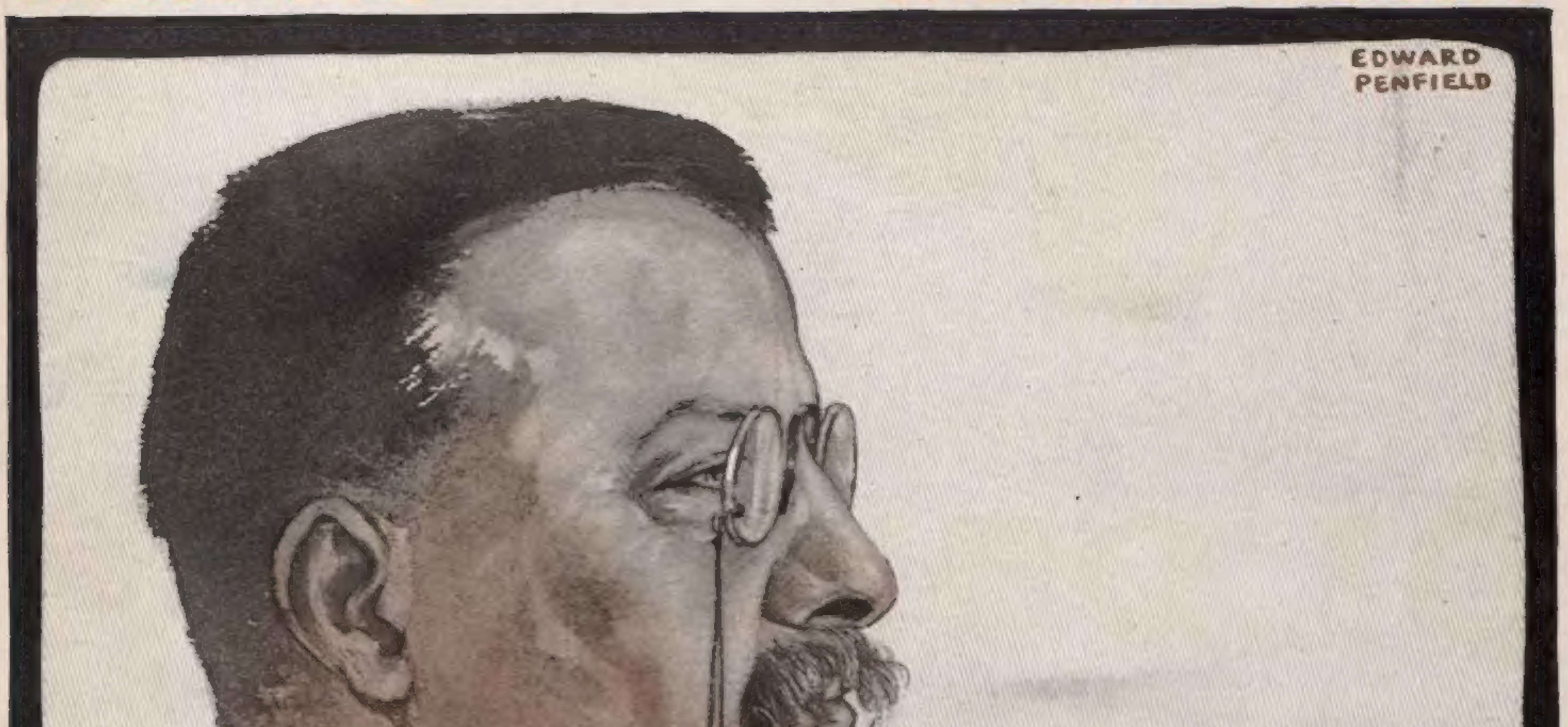

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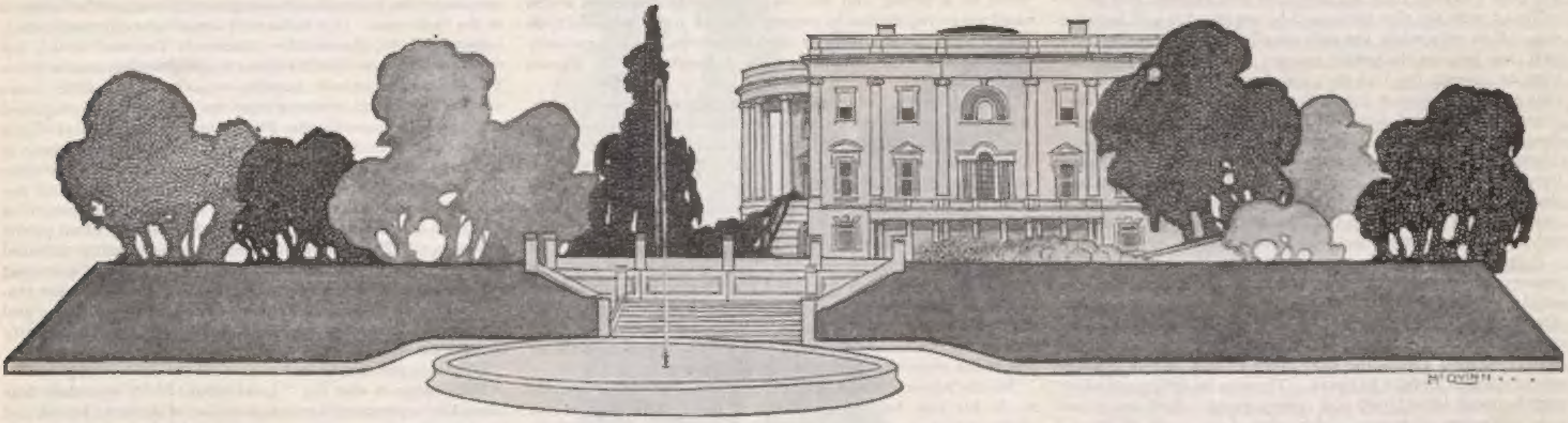
AFTER FOUR YEARS



A Square Deal for Every Man

BY OWEN WISTER

ON SATURDAY, the fourth of March, the thoughts of many millions of Americans will for a while simultaneously dwell upon one subject—Theodore Roosevelt. Few more impressive things ever happen in a great country than when, at certain national moments, the whole people turn aside from their infinitely various preoccupations and think in unison. The imagination does not have to take any great flight to feel a sort of solemnity pervading the very air.

Before considering the several different attitudes of American thoughts toward Theodore Roosevelt upon this fourth of March, and the reasons for some of these attitudes being friendly and some others not friendly, let us remind ourselves how solemn were the circumstances under which Mr. Roosevelt first became President. Then the nation stood in a great and deep shadow, and the mind and spirit of the man who was by certain political sneerers styled an accidental President could not but be filled with the solemnity of his position—a solemnity caused not only by the immense responsibility which had fallen upon him so suddenly, but also by the cause whereby it had so fallen upon him.

But upon this occasion of his again becoming President, the solemnity, if we consider it thoroughly and rightly, is not less than before; it is, if possible, greater—for the man himself, at any rate. To become the President of eighty millions of people by a stroke of fate is not so tremendous an experience as to be chosen President of those people by the largest majority that the history of our country records. In the first case the President stood face to face with a great doubt; to-day he stands face to face with a great belief. In the homely and pithy words of a distinguished man, President Angell, of Ann Arbor, "the folks want him."

The Secret of a Great Majority

YES, the folks want him; and the exaltation of having won the trust of such a host of his fellow-countrymen can only deepen the feelings that he had when he took his first oath at Buffalo in September, 1901. We sometimes speak of the irony of fate; and if ever the phrase fitted it is now, when we regard the man, whom political scheming sought to shelve at the Philadelphia Convention of 1900, returning to the White House, clothed with the splendor of a people's faith. He has won this faith in the teeth of every species of opposition: the bitterness of his enemies has been exceeded only by the warmth of his friends.

And for what reasons has he gained his great following? What path has he trod to lead him to such an extraordinary personal triumph? For there is no denying that it is personal; it is much nearer the truth to say that he caused his party to be elected than that his party caused him to be elected. But what did he do to bring this about? He certainly did not avoid giving offense; it is probable that he has offended more kinds of people than any President who ever lived. He has offended "Capital"; he has offended "Labor"; he has offended the South; he has offended Boston; the New York Journal is hostile to him; the New York Evening Post is hostile to him; the New York Sun swallowed him with grimaces that bid fair to continue till the Day of Judgment. We almost reach the paradox that it is precisely through giving offense that he has won the national regard; the human race comes to value a man who is afraid of nothing and of nobody. But that would not quite cover it.

Nor, we may be fairly sure, would the record of his Administration, the unquestionably important and desirable achievements that stand to its credit, afford any true explanation of the country's attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt. It is true that since he became President the vexed question of the Alaskan boundary has been settled; that the Panama Canal has received an impetus such as has hitherto been entirely unknown to this enterprise. These and other vital matters equally well known at the moment of their transaction might seem to constitute the real ground of our indorsement of President Roosevelt; but they are not the real ground. Our busy and breathless people live in such a daily helter-skelter of events, both trivial and important, that these very events quickly bury and obliterate each other, so that the average American scarcely remembers anything over night excepting, perhaps, the quotations of yesterday's stock market. It is a certain impression about himself which Mr. Roosevelt has given the American people that has caused the "folks" to want him; and that impression is of a very complete harmony between his spirit and the profound ideal of the American people: an ideal which, in spite of all the storms that rage above it, the strikes, the shifting and ephemeral gusts of political prejudice and opinion, remains, deep down in the national heart, the only anchor on which we depend for our national safety. This ideal can be most briefly expressed in five words: *the liberty of the individual.*

Mr. Roosevelt scarcely ever makes a speech which does not state this in one form or another; it is the very marrow of his creed. To take two instances in which he has uttered it epigrammatically, we may recall his determination to have "a square deal for everybody, and neither more nor less." He has also said that "the door of the White House shall swing open as easily for the poor as for the rich, and not one bit easier." These two utterances are nothing but embodiments of our American ideal, of the *liberty of the individual.*

And yet merely the outward proclamation of our doctrine, no matter how forcibly and picturesquely worded, would not be enough to tie our hearts to Mr. Roosevelt. We possess any number of politicians who can improvise the most admirable convictions at any necessary moment; but the American people believe that Mr. Roosevelt means what he says. That is not a common experience for them, and they therefore value it. In this fact, it would seem, we have an explanation of the happy results of his offense-giving. It may be fairly said that, each time some powerful interest or some important person has been offended by Mr. Roosevelt's action, Mr. Roosevelt has emerged from the adventure stronger than when he went into it.

To this there is one important exception, of which discussion will presently follow. If we are to believe certain newspapers Mr. Roosevelt's chief offense has been what is sometimes called his attack upon Capital. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt has not attacked Capital in his suit against Northern Securities (and the various steps he has taken since) any more than he attacked Labor in declining to countenance the action of that union which requested the Government to dismiss a perfectly satisfactory servant simply because he was not a member of that union. Both these acts of Mr. Roosevelt proceeded from the same source, namely, the American ideal, the liberty of the individual. It is the abuse of Capital and the abuse of Labor to which Mr. Roosevelt is equally hostile; and he is hostile because he knows that these two abuses have between them ruined many a State.

Two Threats to the Republic

OUR country during its first century lived the happy and almost reckless life of a boy in the backwoods. Even the four years of our Civil War did not alter materially the general character of this first period of our existence. There were not many of us in the country; there was a great deal more than room enough for all; the struggle to survive was, at its worst, a competition with Nature. Hard winters, thick forests, were our most serious impediments. We crossed the rivers, we cut the forests, we spread, we prospered; no one was very rich or very poor, and our not very far-seeing minds were unduly, if naturally, elated at what, in slang, is termed our "soft snap." All that is changed. We no longer have the wilderness to subdue: we have a much more formidable enemy to keep in order, and that enemy is ourselves. The future is going to test our form of government with a severity to which the past will seem a child's play, and our great stronghold, let it be repeated, for it cannot be said too often, is the liberty of the individual. If this goes, our Republic will go with it as other republics have gone before.

No man of influence in this country understands this more thoroughly than Theodore Roosevelt. He sees, as anybody who takes the trouble to look can also see, that the two dangers which have invariably threatened and invariably destroyed republics already have arisen to threaten us. Combined riches and combined poverty have become our enemies in our turn. Are we going to cope with them successfully, or are they going to kill us as they have killed others before us?

During the late Presidential campaign, that acute and incisive philosopher, Mr. Dooley, described our Republic as "swimming on its back, smoking a big cigar, and having the time of its life." This description is the very truth itself. The big cigar of prosperity is indeed between our gratified lips, but you will notice that Mr. Dooley describes us as swimming on our back. Now, the man who swims in that position does not see where he is heading, especially when he is absorbed with a cigar; and with the rate that everybody and everything is swimming nowadays, assisted by the immense novelties of steam and electricity, the destination is likely to be reached with an appalling velocity, a speed which the world has never seen before in all its history. What will our destination be?

It is our generous American instinct to side with the under dog. But with that instinct there has prevailed a thoughtless and most harmful sentimentality which has led public opinion to exalt the poor man because he is poor and to abuse the rich man because he is rich, as if poverty was in itself a merit, and riches were in themselves a vice; whereas multitudes of men are poor because they are worthless and vicious, and multitudes of men are rich because they are capable and industrious. It is only when the rich combine to enslave the poor that they become the public enemy; and when the poor combine to despoil the rich they also become the public enemy. Our public opinion is fully alive to the evils that threaten from the combined rich, but it has been sentimentally and dangerously blind to the menace of the combined poor. These latter, however, have in late years committed sufficient outrages against our Commonwealth, have dynamited and destroyed enough of their fellowmen who were only trying to exercise their American birthright, the liberty of the individual, to awaken to some extent public opinion.

People are beginning to see what the abuse of unionism means; and it means the destruction of our Republic just as surely as does the abuse of the money power. When Mr. Roosevelt said that the door of the White House should swing open just as easily to the poor as to the rich, and not one bit easier, he said something that every citizen of this country would do well to take to heart. There is no difference whatever between labor trusts and money trusts. Both are necessary protectors of human rights when kept in their places; and either can ruin us if it is not kept in its place.

How shall they be kept in their places? That is the question. The only possible answer is that they shall be prevented from robbing the individual of his liberty. That is what Mr. Roosevelt is trying to provide for. But legislation can, at best, be only the machinery that may execute this. To set the machinery in motion and keep it going requires the motive power of a wholesome public opinion. Without this motive power all the *Presidents* in the world can do nothing.

Let us remember that no government can ever be devised which shall work perfectly. Government is an attempt to square the circle of the general welfare; it must always remain an approximation. And our Government, which we claim to be the best that the world has seen, will not succeed in being even an approximation unless it is perpetually supported and fortified by a wholesome public opinion.

The efforts which Mr. Roosevelt is making toward protecting us from combined riches are not unnaturally criticised by those combinations at which they are aimed. Whether the criticisms be just or not is a matter of secondary importance; the truly important thing is for the great mass of the people to unite in a strong and well-balanced public opinion which shall assist legislation to correct itself of those imperfections which must be inevitable in all experiments, and so gradually to bring the experiments as near to perfection as human affairs can admit.

The sweeping indorsement which the country gave to Mr. Roosevelt at the last election constitutes for him a powerful and splendid inspiration; and from that indorsement the absence of what we call "the solid South" is something that should fill us with the deepest regret: a regret all the more keen when we consider the cause of it. Mr. Roosevelt's predecessor had gone far toward winning back the South into the friendly counsels of the nation. The South was full of intelligent and public-spirited citizens who stood ready to oppose the extreme doctrines of the Democratic party; and until one act of Mr. Roosevelt, which no man who is a friend both of him and of the South can fail to deplore, he stood heir to all the kindly feelings which had begun to flourish under the sagacious policy of Mr. McKinley.

No one who understands the ardent desire of Mr. Roosevelt to do his best for the country and for everybody in it can doubt, for one moment, the sincere and admirable motives which prompted this act. But, also, no one who understands the South can fail to lament that the act was done. It not only offended and estranged those citizens who stood ready to hold up the hands of Mr. Roosevelt in his endeavors to give our country a beneficent administration, but it also did an injury to the very cause that he was trying to help. It must be the respectful opinion of every one who is not swayed by Northern or by Southern prejudice that Mr. Roosevelt would not have done this act if he had had a personal instead of a theoretical knowledge of Southern conditions.

While upon this subject let it be strongly asserted that the feeling of antagonism between the North and the South is kept alive far more by the injudicious and intemperate publications that appear in both sections than by any animosity which exists among the majority of men and women who live in those sections. If Northerners and Southerners could meet each other more abundantly, and thus ascertain their real sentiments, this impression would be short-lived.

The "solid South" may be fairly said to furnish the only homogeneous disapproval of Mr. Roosevelt that is to be found in the country. Elsewhere, as one meets and talks with various objectors, one's experience generally contains an element of the ludicrous. One talks with a man who expresses admiration for Mr. Roosevelt's actions in the coal strike, but declares that, after the President's reprehensible course in the Philippines, he cannot possibly vote for him. One meets another man who declares that the President's honest and courageous course in the Philippines would command the trust of every American were it not for his meditated insult to Labor in his treatment of the Miller case. A third man pronounces the action in the Miller case the one redeeming ray of light in the President's career, which by his assault on Northern Securities alone renders him unworthy of all public confidence. Thus each one could have heartily admired him but is compelled to denounce him; there is a universal sad shaking of heads, each head shaking for a different reason, and each reason fatal to the President's character and judgment. And then he is elected by the largest majority that the country has ever seen!

What can the matter be?

The matter is that the "folks want him"; that they hear him daily expressing that idea which stirs the most honest and the deepest note in their American souls, "a square deal for everybody, and neither more nor less"; the matter is that the more citizens we have who resemble him, the less likely our darkly threatened Republic is to fail and to be summed up in future history as a flash in the pan.

MORGAN AT COWPENS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

(JANUARY, 1781)

When, like a baleful planet fire,
Disaster menaced, red and dire,
They bayed the foe and broke him; then
A rouse, a rouse, for Morgan's men!

Over the Carolinian skies
  Are shredded clouds that the north winds toss;
In the long-aisled forest canopies
  The rime shines white on the hanging moss;
And the upland ways are frosty-wet
Back from the marge of the Pacolet.

Who goes there in the murk of the night?
  Who goes there in the bleak of the dawn?
Armèd men with their bayonets bright!
  Armèd men with their sabres drawn!
Horse and footmen with eager stride
Pressing toward Thicketty Mountain side!

Horse and footmen, a bloody brood,
  Tory and redcoat regular,
Fired with the ire of a bitter feud!
  Under the last pale Southern star,
Tarleton, he of the evil fame,
Goading on in King George's name!

Woods before them and woods behind,
  And the umbered grass of the intervales,
Where the cattle fed when the days were kind
  With the spicery of the April gales!
Then broke, above them, upon the view
The silent ranks of the "buff and blue";

Gallant men of the Maryland line;
  Colonel Washington's stout dragoons;
Rangers, as staunch as the mountain pine,
  Bred 'neath the calm Virginian noons;
And from far Savannah and the sea
Impetuous Georgians, fain to be free.

And Daniel Morgan over them all!
  There was a fighter from sole to crown,
Mighty of muscle, steel-thewed and tall,
  One whose valor would never down—
Proven to be without flaw or fleck
From yellow Yadkin to gray Quebec.

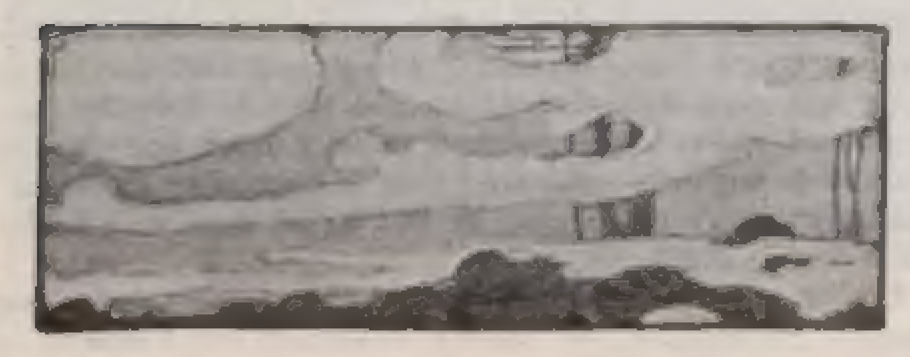
Forward the resolute redcoats come;
  Might against right! Will it win the day?
Crackle of rifle and bullet's hum,
  And the shouts and cheers and groans of the fray!
Back, still back, are the patriots pressed,
Back to the copse on the foothill's crest.

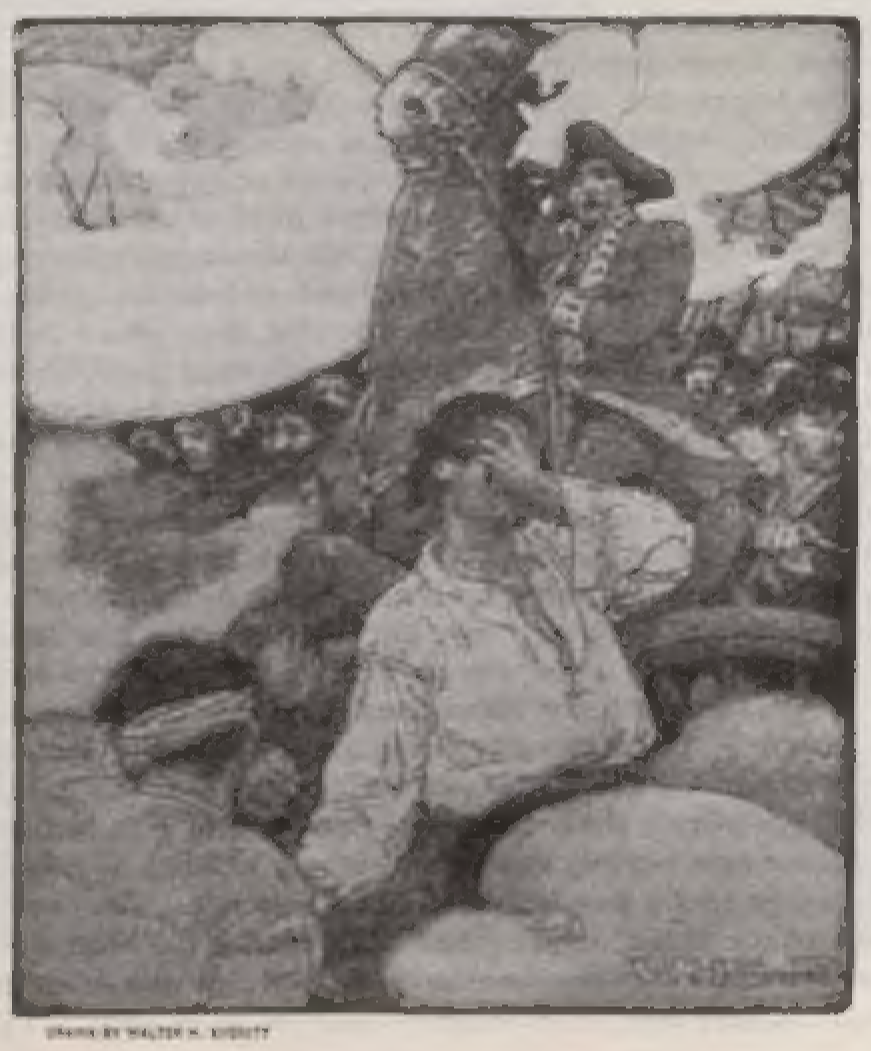
But then, ah, then, just at poise of the scale,
  Upon freedom's side did the balance fall;
"Butcher Tarleton" may rage and rail,
  Vain his wrath and his rallying call!
"The new Marcellus" has launched a blow,
And crushed the pride of the haughty foe.

Now Camden's stain is a bygone thing;
  Hope kindles clear in the heart once more;
No room for lapsing and languishing
  With fearless men like these to the fore!
My Lord Cornwallis—a sorry grin
Will be his when his troopers come slinking in!

. . . .

So the vision rises out of the past
  Of that sanguine Southern winter morn,
When the British standards were downward cast,
  And victory flowered from a chance forlorn;
And it's "Hail to them! Hail to them!" once again—
Daniel Morgan, and Morgan's men!



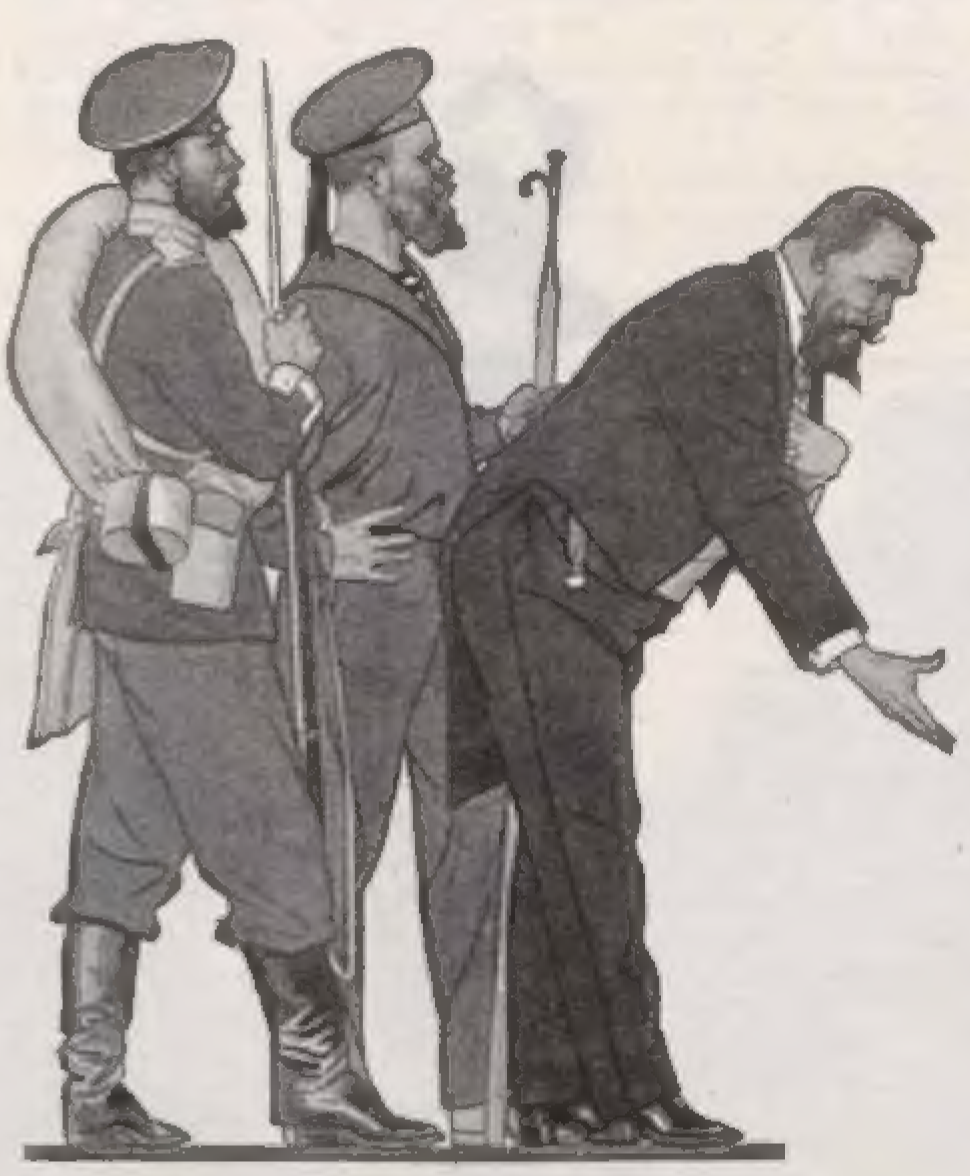


DRAWN BY WALTER H. EVERETT

Graft in the Winter Palace

The Perfection to Which Russian Officials Have Brought the Art of Corruption

BY JAMES L. FORD



A DISPATCH to a London newspaper that leaked, uncensored, out of St. Petersburg, the day after the street massacre in that city, throws a slender but illuminating shaft of light on the pitiful isolation of the Russian autocrat. According to this dispatch the news of the outbreak reached the Czar while he was at dinner on Sunday evening. His Majesty, who had only been partially informed as to what had happened during the day, leaped from his seat in great excitement, and exclaimed:

"In the name of the saints and the fatherland, tell me the truth! Is there nobody who will tell me the truth?"

"Then," says the correspondent, "a Grand Duke tried to calm him with misleading statements."

It is quite easy to credit this story as true, especially if one has seen the kinetoscope pictures of the Czar taken while reviewing his troops and toasting the officers who were on their way to the front. These pictures were the talk of London when they were exhibited last summer, and the general wonder was that Russia's censor had permitted them to leave the country. They were taken at very close range, and plainly revealed the fact that the Emperor was a broken-down man, apparently on the very verge of a collapse, and an easy prey to the Grand Dukes and other high officials who were not ashamed to appropriate to themselves the money and provisions contributed by patriotic citizens for the relief of the wounded in the field.

To see these pictures, as they were shown in a London music-hall, and to read understandingly this press dispatch, is to engender in our souls a feeling of pity for this wretched autocrat, condemned from his cradle to stagger through life under the most crushing burden that fate can provide, and unable, be he never so clever and keen, to know with certainty which one of his advisers is telling him the truth.

President Roosevelt can ascertain to the last button and the last musket precisely what our army equipment is, and the King of England, whose powers are much more restricted than those of our President, can also satisfy himself in regard to the British forces. But it is doubtful if the Czar of all the Russias, whose will is supposed to be the supreme law over a hundred and thirty millions of people, could guess within a hundred thousand the number of his own soldiers, and it was not until after Sedan that Louis Napoleon realized that the army on which he had confidently relied existed chiefly on paper, and that the money for its maintenance had gone into the pockets of the grafters of the Second Empire.

Autocracy breeds suspicion, fosters lying until truth becomes extinct, and creates graft — which is a form of vermin that appears wherever man usurps for himself unjust powers, whether in the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg or on the police-force of New York.

A Comic-Opera Banquet

AN AMUSING story of graft in its noblest form is told of the ancient and etiquette-incrusted court of China, where, in accordance with long-established custom, the Emperor entertains on certain days a vast company consisting of the highest officials of the Empire, the foreign ambassadors, and certain specially invited guests. On these occasions there is a special table for the sovereign, and a great many other tables at which the guests are seated according to their rank. The duty of providing these dinners is farmed out to a caterer who is obliged to share his profits with certain grafting mandarins, whose rank, as measured by yellow vests, buttons and other insignia of power, is very high. In order to enhance the profits of the catering no real food or drink is served save at the Emperor's own table, the rest of the guests having before them wooden chickens, papier-mâché ducks, wax fruits, and other edibles of the kind usually seen at stage banquets. The etiquette of the court not only forbids the diners to criticise the food that is served to them when they are the guests of the sovereign, but actually compels them to go through the motions of eating, which they do with much solemnity, toying with their paper food and quaffing phantom wine from empty glasses, for all the world as if they were revelers in a comic opera instead of the higher members of one of the oldest autocracies in the world.

Even when, this Barmecide feast ended, the Emperor deigns to summon a few of his guests to ask if they have dined well, etiquette compels them to place their hands over their empty stomachs, and, bowing low, reply: "Oh, Light of the Sun and Brightest Orb of the Night, your slaves feasted to satiety."

But it is doubtful if there is any court in which grafting is carried on as openly, insolently and securely as it is in that of Russia, where, whenever the Czar's apprehensions are aroused, there is always a Grand Duke, or noble liar of some sort, to "calm him with misleading statements."

The late Baron de Grimm, who was brought to this country by James Gordon Bennett, and was known here for many years as a newspaper illustrator and cartoonist, used to regale his friends with a great many anecdotes of life at the Russian court which illustrated, as clearly as the press dispatch quoted above, the utter helplessness of the sovereign who is called by the mere accident of birth to rule over more than a hundred millions of subjects with absolute power, whose privy purse is the public treasury, who is responsible to no one for what he spends or for what he does, but who nevertheless is utterly unable to learn the truth regarding himself, his people or even those nearest and dearest to him, and who must ever be a prey to the belief that he is being used as a tool by some unscrupulous adviser.

De Grimm was born and brought up in the Winter Palace, where his father was employed as tutor of the late Czar, Alexander III, and his brothers, the same unscrupulous Grand Dukes who are to-day "calming" their nephew, the sovereign, with misleading statements, while they fill their own pockets with the proceeds of the most shameless and outrageous system of graft that the world has ever known.

The elder De Grimm had been the tutor of the children of Nicholas, and was recalled by his former pupil, Alexander II, to take charge of his children, so that his influence as the instructor of two generations of Romanoffs was not inconsiderable. The imperial children lodged, studied, exercised and played in one of the great wings of the palace, having as their companions several juvenile members of the nobility, among them the younger De Grimm, who were brought up with them in a relation that was not unlike that of the running-mate who lends encouragement to the trotting horse in a race against time. The boys slept two in a room, and it was a rule that the roommate of the heir to the throne should be changed at frequent intervals, so fearful was the Czar lest some one of his young companions should obtain a complete hold on the boy and exercise undue influence over him for the rest of his life.

In the arrangement of the classes, pains were taken to surround the young Czarevitch in each and every study with the boys who were the most proficient in that particular branch of knowledge, the idea being that he should always feel the stimulus of association with lads better equipped, quicker at study, or of more serious habits of work than himself.

As in every autocratic court, corruption and graft were as bad half a century ago as they are to-day, and even the grim and despotic Nicholas I — he who had settled the disputed question of the route for the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg by marking a straight line across the map between the two cities — was as powerless to cope with the evils in his own household as is his weak and obstinate descendant, Nicholas II.

It is related of this sovereign of the elder day that once, while giving some instructions to one of his aides, he complained that the room was too cold. The thermometer was examined and was found to register sixty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, the precise temperature at which all the rooms in the palace were kept. Still feeling the cold, his Majesty adjourned with his aide to another room, which was even more chilly, although here also the thermometer registered sixty-nine degrees. The aide suggested that they should move on again in search of warmer quarters, and they were about to do so when an idea suddenly came to him. Taking the thermometer down he subjected it to a close scrutiny and found that it had been ingeniously painted so as to register sixty-nine degrees. Further examination showed that a greater part of the palace had been fitted up with these painted thermometers in order that the grafters in the household might steal coal from under the very feet of their august sovereign. When this thing was explained to him, the autocrat — who had long since established his reputation for having his own way in everything, and who in later years possessed sufficient will power to throw his country into the disastrous Crimean War — threw up his hands with a gesture of utter despair and helplessness, and retired to his own study, where he at least had the satisfaction of being comfortable.

A story related of Alexander II, the son of Nicholas, seems to the Western mind even more extraordinary than the foregoing, although quite credible to any one at all familiar with the workings of autocracy.

His eldest son had been ordered to Nice by the court physicians because of an injury sustained in a wrestling bout with his cousin, and the Emperor had been led to suppose that he was regaining his health, or, at least, that his condition was not in any way alarming. Every day a courier arrived from Nice, and it chanced one morning that the messenger came into the presence of the Czar and delivered the letters which he bore.

"It is curious," observed the Czar, as he glanced at the inscriptions on the envelopes, "that there is nothing here from my son. It is some time since he has written me."

"But," exclaimed the soldier, "his Imperial Highness is no longer able to write!" And so in these few words the simple Russian soldier blurted out a piece of intelligence that was known to every one in the Russian court, and perhaps to every reigning family in Europe, but which no one had as yet dared to communicate to the father and ruler. The Czarevitch, the son and heir of the most powerful sovereign in the world, was lying at death's door, and only by the merest accident did his father learn of the lad's condition in time to reach his bedside before his death.

Treachery in the Royal Nursery

ANOTHER story relates to a famous instructor of youth who had been put in charge of the imperial family through the scheming of a political party favorable to German influences and distinctly anti-Russian in sympathy, which at that time was all-powerful at court. For several years this man devoted himself to the education of the young princes, until one day their father suddenly appeared in the schoolroom and began to examine them in their studies. He examined them in French and was delighted with their proficiency. They had been well grounded in mathematics and also in German, while in foreign history they were able to answer any questions that he put to them. But when he came to Russian literature and the history of their own country, and even of their own family, he found them woefully deficient, and on questioning them more sharply discovered that Russia, her history, her people and her language were subjects in which their interest had never been awakened in the least degree. It was at this moment that the autocrat of all the Russias realized for the first time how his most trusted counselors were alienating his son and successor from the people and country he was destined to govern.

Another of the baron's stories is interesting because it conveys some idea of the eternal anxiety that hangs over those attached to the Russian Imperial Court. Not long before the assassination of Alexander II, and at a moment when the air was filled with rumors of bombs hidden in his chambers, of threatening letters placed, none knew by what hand, on his writing-table, of plots in which even the highest officials were concerned, it happened that suspicion fell on a young noble of

(Concluded on Page 24)

The Reform at Red Ant

How Trading-Stamps Proved a Power for Good in the Yukon Country

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

"TALK about municipal improvements and a high public spirit," concluded Billy Campbell, the actor, after we had discussed the advantages of city life; "the time to begin to discipline the average village is when it is born. Let a town be taken kindly, but firmly, at its inception, and civic pride will be engendered, and you will have a model habitat as the years chase by. Of course, here in the East it is well-nigh impossible to achieve lasting results in a minute, and you have to take the good with the bad, as every burg is so much older and more deeply rooted than the usual reformer. But in the new parcels of our country, where towns bloom over night, it can be done, and the place is then permeated with respectability at the start. I've seen it done. And say, when it comes to doctoring and nursing a seedy, disreputable centre of civilization I suppose Tiberius Smith, showman, ranks ahead of all other physicians. He was certainly a doctor of towns and ought to have a degree to that effect. Tiberius Smith, T. D.; not so bad, eh?"

"And his remedy?" I inquired; for the old showman's doings had long since aroused my interest.

"Trading-stamps," replied Campbell, puffing slowly at his brier, while his eyes became dull in reviewing some past scene.

"Now, don't look skeptical," he continued, on returning to earth. "You can't strangle gilded vice with brute force. Tell a man he shall not drink kerosene and he'll boom John R.'s game by breaking into a storehouse and licking up a quart of the forbidden article. Tib's way was to make virtue so attractive that, like Scrubine and other washing confections, you simply had to have it to be happy."

"I'll concede everything, only let's have the story," I begged.

"It was up above Dawson, on Red Ant Creek, a small relative of the Yukon," explained Billy. "When everything was booming up there Tib and I assembled a constellation of stars and anticipated cornering the world's gold supply. But, once we struck Skaguay, two of our skirts fell in love with several tons of gold, incumbered by two weathered-oak-faced miners, and at Dyea the others quit work to enjoy a twenty-two carat existence. It's a fact; every blessed female, sir, married off, and the men rushed out into the wildwood and began tearing up alder bushes in a mad search for wealth.

"Well, Tib and I, after going that far, wouldn't turn back, you know. He said maybe I would fall in love with a Digger Indian princess, heavily gilded, and take him home to a chimney-corner of ease and baked dog. Then he lamented: 'I'm like the sturdy oak, my boy, that has sadly shed its red-cheeked leaves, one by one.'

"I reminded him we would probably shed our wardrobes before we got home; for we'd banked every cent on that venture, and now stood a good chance of dieting on snowballs unless we rubbed against something good. So we decided to run the whole gamut and go to Dawson. We had enough money to pay our fares on the Skaguay Railroad, but when we were carefully set off at White Horse Rapids we discovered we would have to swim the upper reaches of the Yukon if we were ever to get to our journey's end.

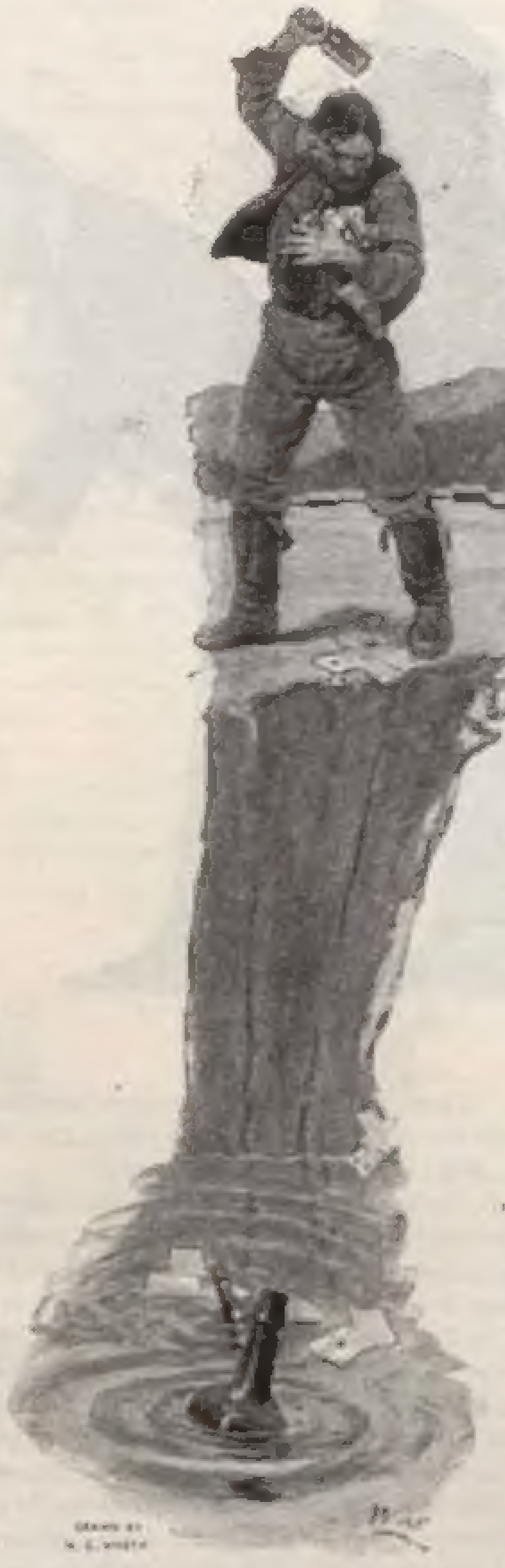
"While chewing this bitter cud, Tib fell in with a party of miners bound for Red Ant Camp, on the creek of the same name, just this side of Stewart River. The leader was a jovial dog, who, without reserve, told us that fifty of the boys had control of all the golden deposits on Red Ant and that there wasn't room for another pair of boots to crowd in.

"'But we do need a storekeeper,' he admitted. 'I've just bought a load of stuff down the line, and it's being toted up there now. To be honest, gentlemen, I was on a little toot when I passed over the boys' dust, and, although I bought a whole cargo of stuff, it may be all piannys for what I know. Ye see, we all chip in and share expenses, but every one's so busy mining that the store has to run itself. If you and the kid want the job of running the store, hop along.'

"'And you don't ask for references, my bearded pard?' asked Tib, his brown eyes lighting up with hope.

"Mr. Boots tapped him impressively on the shoulder and said, 'Don't let that bother ye. If a man plays us crooked we know what is good for him and we'll leave him simply nothing to worry about. But speaking of that reminds me, if you can see any way to keep the town on the level and help its morals we'll boost yer game to the limit. We kind of need a soother and a shepherd.'

"That tickled Tib. It was a situation he liked. To reform and keep lamblike a bevy of fifty man-eaters was what would appeal to his decent mind. Of course, violence was out of the question, and that's why he liked the game. It demanded subtle and scientific treatment.



"HE EVEN ASKED IF IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT TO RETAIN HIS PIPE AND TOBACCO"

"'Billy,' he whispered, as we spun down the river, 'I'm going to make that the nicest place in the northern zone. I'll fix 'em so they'll be pure as the nine months' snows.'

"And all the way to Red Ant he was busy scheming. But it was only after he had rummaged among the camp's stores on the boat that he saw a light. 'It's all easy now,' he encouraged. 'I've found just what I need.'

"Our reception at Red Ant was hearty and wholesome, but as I heard the crowd clamoring for whisky I knew Tib had a tough outfit to convert. I could see they tolerated us as they would a couple of Chinese servants. But Tib was all enthusiasm, and after two days' work, no one lending a willing hand, we had broken open the cargo and had it neatly arranged in the big, double, log house which was to be our home and store combined. Fortunately, Ruddy Mac's toot had not resulted in a useless invoice, and although there were many knickknacks there was also a large amount of tinned and canned stuff and other fodder.

"But what Tib gloated over more than all else was a box of trading-stamps. How they ever got into that mixed cargo is a mystery, but there they were, and it was with these Tib intended to quiet the town and elevate its morals.

"First, he hustled about and got the names of the fifty miners, and then he sprung his plan. They were for it keenly, sir. Tib could talk the face off a mule, and he speedily had them hypnotized. Besides, collectively they wanted to be decent. It was only as individuals that they gazed lovingly on toots and high play.

"Well, the first night after the system was instituted there was the quaintest photo you ever gazed on when the citizens came up to the store to get their supplies. Tib had divided his merchandise into necessities and luxuries. Every man was scheduled to partake of the necessities, but only those holding trading-stamps could revel in the delicacies. And a man to get a trading-stamp had to be good.

"'Ah, Mr. Jones,' saluted Tib of the first comer, 'you have two stamps coming to you. Give Mr. Jones two merits, Billy, for bravery on the field of battle. I observed, sir, you refused to drink from Tuttle's flask this morning.'

"'It was rum, an' he takes only gin,' growled Mr. Tuttle in self-defense.

"'Never mind what he has taken,' replied Tib tartly, bending over his books; 'he didn't drink in working hours. One stamp for Mr. Tuttle, Billy. Beware of the serpent, Mr. T., and never tempt a fellow-creature.'

"'How many do I get?' asked a burly, shamefaced fellow, approaching amid a universal grin.

"'I'm sorry, Mr. Gumpy, but there is no mail for you. You fired seven bullets through the northeast corner of Mr. Daggett's cabin at noon and knocked out a great deal of the chinking. No delicacies for Mr. G., Billy,' cautioned Tib.

"'Wal, I'll be——'

"'Tut, tut!' warned Tib. 'You will be if you say naughty things. See that sign up there? It forbids swearing in my store. Be careful, or you'll lose another stamp.'

"'But I've got to eat!' howled the giant, glaring at his overjoyed companions.

"'You can always get the staff of life,' assured Tib gravely. 'Billy, one pound of potatoes and a pound of pork for Mr. G.'

"'But I only did it fer fun,' remonstrated Gumpy. 'I knowed Dag wasn't at home.'

"'Ye ain't no right ter spile my home life,' grinned Daggett, and the crowd roared.

"'Dern ye, Fatty, come out here an' I'll clean ye up!' yelled Gumpy to Tib as he grabbed his groceries.

"'Once for all, gentlemen, understand I'm no prize-fighter. Mind you, I don't concede this poor, benighted mortal can clean me up, as he vulgarly expresses it. But so long as a unit you indorse my system, so long will it stand, and no brawler or gambler or boozer can have his shirt mended on that sewing-machine, or eat a sugared plum from that pink box, or hear My Old Kentucky Home on that talking-machine. He can only take his pork and potatoes and go home a sadder, and, I trust, a wiser man. And again, any man who coarsely threatens me and intimates that I am fat will get no stamps for a week. This holds good so long as the town, as a whole, backs me up.'

"The town went wild and howled itself hoarse, while Ruddy Mac observed slowly: 'It would be a shame, boys, if Gump cut up any didoes and had to be hung.'

"The giant bowed his head and shuffled home. Then the gang began swapping their stamps. Five, for a stamp each, gathered about the talking-machine, and slapped their booted legs, and writhed in glee, and cried, 'Ain't that the limit?' While those who had no stamps coming stood sullenly around and scowled blackly at Tib.

"And he noticed their evil looks, and, picking out Slouchy Williams, declared: 'Mr. Williams, another of those furtive, sidelong, venomous glances at me will result in no stamp to-morrow. Be sunny in looks if you can't be sunny in your heart. You can't eat your cake and have it. Don't try to pick a quarrel with Little Bob again. That's why you lost your chance to-day.'

"Well, sir, it was simply beautiful to see Slouchy throw amiability into his gnarled countenance. His eyes showed green, while his bearded lips cracked in an awful contortion meant for a sweet smile. Every time he caught Tib's eye he would fracture his face with merriment.

"The majority of the gang took immensely to the idea. They began to realize that, although left out one day, they might enjoy the good things on the next. There was a fascination, too, in seeing who would be passed by at each nightly assembly. The big fellow, Gumpy, was so good the second day that Tib gave him three stamps, and he ate a small jar of strawberries, had his reefer mended by Tib, and cried over My Old Kentucky Home, while Daggett, fallen from grace, was denied all of these pleasures.

"'I am simply showing you, gentlemen, that it really pays to be proper. There is no investment that will bring such big returns as decency,' explained Tib as he waved Daggett aside with some beans and onions. 'Now, Slouchy yesterday wanted to kill Little Bob. To-day he helped Little Bob mend his rocker. Some different, eh? Something cheery cropping out, eh? Good nature assaying top high, eh? Billy, give Slouchy four tickets for trying to reform.' And Slouchy's face glowed with pride as he squandered his surplus.

"'But I want ter hear Blue Bells o' Scotland,' groaned Daggett.

"'Go and listen in a seashell,' advised Tib kindly. 'If you can't be desirable your existence will consist largely of potatoes. Another time don't tell a man he has only one choice of locating a claim in the future state, and that it won't be Alaska weather. Leave something to the imagination.'

"'What? Can't I cuss at my work, jest ter ease my mind?' cried Daggett.

"'No, siree! No profanity goes in this camp,' declared Tib as he loaned a man a picture-book for two stamps.

"'That's proper,' affirmed Ruddy Mac, who at times was most impolite in his language. 'Dag got a stamp yesterday, and now he thinks he can run the whole d——d shooting-match.'

"'No stamp for you to-morrow, Mr. Mac,' snapped Tib.

"Mac gulped back a throat full of expletives, grew blue in the face, but mildly said: 'All right, Mr. Smith.'

"'And don't think this ruling means you have a day to riot in,' cautioned Tib slowly.

"'All right, Mr. Smith,' choked Mac.

"And the crowd went wild, sir. For Mac was their leader, and they saw Tib was playing no favorites. 'It'll teach ye ter keep a clean tongue in yer head,' reproached Sausage Joe, the biggest coward in the camp. 'I'm ashamed that a man o' yer years should act so.'

"Mac wheeled with fist drawn back, then grew limp. Water was in his eyes as he sobbed: 'Lad—ha! ha! Let's be merry!—Lad, sometimes you stand in the valley of the shadow and don't know it. Oh, I wouldn't harm a fellow-creetur for a bushel of rewards of merit, but if—wow!' And he ran away from the chortling group as fast as his long legs would carry him.

"'If I thought, boys, that any of you were deriding a worthy member of Red Ant your cards wouldn't be good at the box-office for a week,' said Tib softly.

"The teasing laughter was instantly squelched, and you never saw such sad faces in your life. But every now and then a man would go outside and cough violently.

"Well, sir, Tib's game swept 'em off their feet. It also swept away all-night parties, and the men began to send more dust home. A drunk was a curiosity. Of course, they would take a beaker at home, but there was no more dancing on the green and trooping the colors around the merry maypole. There were lots of books in stock, and Tib let these out at two stamps per week. Then he found a magic-lantern and pictures of other climes, and every time the whole camp, down to the last individual, was good for two days he'd give an illustrated lecture. And they liked that best of all! He'd been all over, and could give the atlas lots of points, and when he gave a talkfest on Africa or India's coral strands they were there, keen to listen.

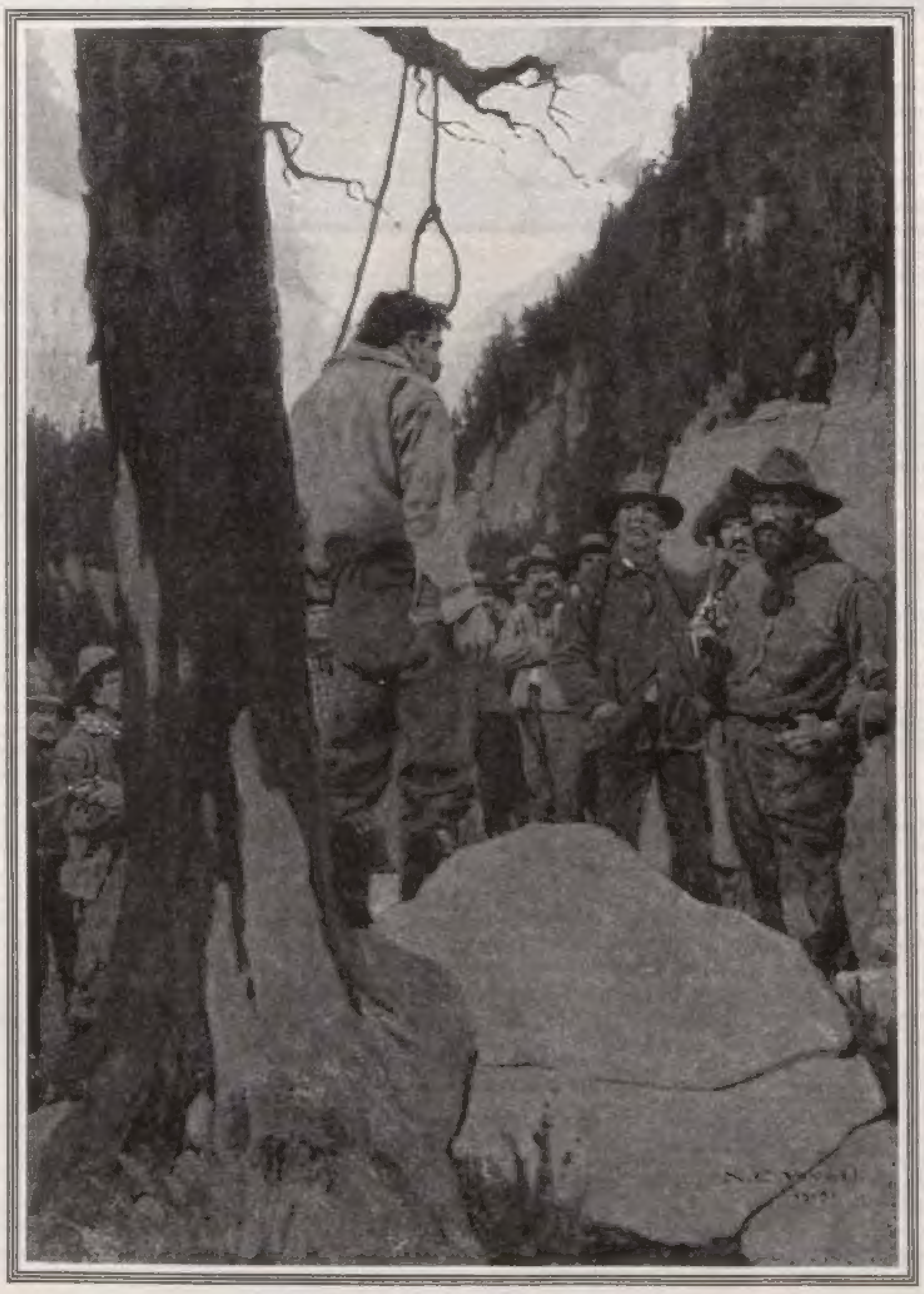
"Of course, the man who indulged in pranks, or tried to shoot out the moon, and thus postponed the treat, was bound to become unpopular. The whole camp set aside Friday and Saturday for their extra good behavior days, and usually had the lecture Saturday night. Deaf Mitchell said he was tired of looking at pictures and not hearing any of the talk, and on a Saturday morning he threw a rock against our door just to stop the others' fun. When Tib and I overtook him he was surrounded by a score of the miners in the woods, and one of them was busy throwing a rope over a branch. One end of the rope was decorated with a noose.

"'We's jest tryin' a little innercent game, Mr. Smith, and Mitch here stopped ter watch us. Didn't ye, Mitch?' spoke up Gumpy.

"'Sure, Gump; an' now I guess I'll trot back with Mr. Smith,' replied Mitchell fervently, taking hold of Tib's hand and gazing down on the top of his head affectionately. 'An' say, storekeeper, I's taken crazy with th' heat a few minutes ago an' may have damaged yer door. If I did don't hold back yer picter talk an' pester th' dear old boys on my account. Take it all out of my hide.'

"'He don't think he'll be troubled with them fits ag'in,' explained Mac gravely, following behind us, rope in hand.

"'I think if he shets off on red licker fer a few months his health'll be better,' prescribed Little Bob.


"JEST TRYIN' A LITTLE INNERCENT GAME"

"'Since it was all a mistake, and seeing that he is to drink no more, I guess I won't charge anything for the rock,' smiled Tib.

"'Oh, he won't drink no more. He's took the pledge, ain't ye, Deafy?' asked Mac.

"'Sure,' whimpered Deafy, who loved firewater worse than an Injun.

"Only once did the imps try to break the combination. First, Gumpy came to Tib and explained the morrow was his birthday, and that, although no stamps were due him, he wanted a few on credit. Said his old mother always celebrated the day, and he liked to observe it. Tib melted in a second and passed out six stamps, but warned him his aged parent would feel it keenly if she knew he had to borrow the fruits of respectability. Well, next came Little Bob, and he had a birthday he wanted to embroider. He was on the naughty list, but Tib fixed him out. Then came Tuttle, also blacklisted; ditto Johnson—and each had a birthday with no stamps due them. Tib began to look solemn, but delivered the goods to each man.

"But on the next roll-call he gave a little lecture on honesty that would take the kinks out of a wire doormat. It certainly was tart. He drew pictures of about every form of rascality, and then showed how these weaknesses are all praiseworthy pursuits compared with malicious falsifying. And it stung 'em to the quick, sir! No one answered back, but several days later the bogus birthday claimants, after being as good as the gold they'd dug out, came up in a body and admitted they were unregenerate liars. Then they laid down the amount of their embezzlement and slouched off.

"Then Tib played a big card, and I trembled for my job. He decided the time was ripe to forbid Sunday labor. He labored with them and offered three extra stamps for each Sabbath spent free from work. He told them he had noticed several were breaking down under the strain, and he invited them to come to the store, and loll back and smoke a pipe, and listen to a chapter from the Bible, and imagine they could hear the church bells in old New England. They kicked, and kicked hard, but Tib was like the granite of his native Vermont, and at last Ruddy Mac concluded: 'It's blessed tough, boys, but I reckon it's right, and if I see any man working on Sunday I shall feel like smashing him. Of course, I wouldn't,' he hastened to add as Tib elevated his brows in surprise and reached for the demerit book. 'Of course, I wouldn't, but I might feel like it. No harm in that, is there, Mr. Smith?'

"'Well, I don't know,' mused Tib, still retaining the fatal book. 'Of course, it isn't good form to encourage violent thoughts. But you were honest in confessing, and we'll let it go this time. Billy, give Mr. Mac a stamp for extra honesty.'

"Then what might seem to be a flaw in the system was shown up. And yet it wasn't a flaw. Tib's system was all correct, but the human system in Red Ant hadn't been chastened sufficiently. On Mac's birthday—a genuine one—the crowd got permission to celebrate all night, providing none was unfit for work on the morrow. During the festivities Slouchy Williams decoyed all of those who had saved up rewards of merit into a poker game and cleaned out the lot. At the wind-up they wagered their stamps. When Tib faced the sad-eyed losers next day he docked them for two days' stamps, while Williams was denuded for a week.

"'And does Slouchy git value received for those stamps?' asked Mac humbly.

"'Certainly,' declared Tib promptly. 'I shall always honor one of these stamps.'

"Williams grinned broadly and stated that he would start in on the morrow and take a holiday while earning no stamps, and incidentally monopolize the talking-machine. Tib readily assented, but that night he unpacked some blank records and for several hours quoted into the machine from the Bible. 'I guess Mr. Williams will have earned his holidays,' he grinned to me as he quit.

"Next morning the entire gang accompanied Slouchy to the cabin. They sighed as he gravely threw down a wad of stamps and asked his followers kindly to keep silent so as not to disturb him. Then he slipped on a roll, and the buzzer began to glide. Well, say, if you could have seen the look of horror on his rugged face as he saw the writing on the wall! It simply sent him pasty white in a minute. For Tib, in picking out those verses that are licensed to jar an unwholesome man, had liberally supplied Slouchy's name to the text, and the warnings had an unpleasant personal trend. 'Oh, ye generation of vipers! Oh, ye Slouchy Williams!' rippled the record in Williams' astounded ear. Then he gasped and tried another; but, bless you, sir! they were all loaded for the sinful, and Slouchy staggered to his feet crying that he had had enough.

"'No,' contradicted Tib gravely, 'I've taken your stamps and you must take the goods. I appeal to the gentlemen present.'

"Ruddy Mac got wise in a second, and with a glad gleam in his sombre eye he thoughtlessly hitched his belt around front and observed, 'Of course, no one here would hurt ye, Slouch, but just listen to the machine. That's all: listen!'

"And Williams sank back in his seat and heard the whole program. He took it all at one sitting, and two hours later we saw him throwing whisky bottles and cards into the creek. He even asked if it would be all right to retain his pipe and tobacco. Tib told him it was perfectly correct to do this.

"'Jest as ye say, Mr. Smith. I feel like makin' a sacrifice, an' I'll heave th' pipe after th' other sin traps if ye say so.'

"So it wasn't a flaw, after all, and Red Ant became the cleanest and most upright camp in all the Yukon diggings. And then, just as Tib had arranged for several brand-new reforms, the creek leaped its banks and washed us all out. It was something the system couldn't help. After the flood subsided the men found the diggings were played out, and sorrowfully they separated for new fields, each a leaven for progression wherever he should settle. And Tib and I, fairly well staked, caught the last boat out of Eagle City on September 15.

"But it all goes to prove that lasting municipal reforms come only through civic pride and self-respect. And when it came to cleansing a community, Tiberius was the prize package of Scrubine."

Fair Railroad Regulation

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

SENATOR-ELECT FROM WISCONSIN

DRAWN BY F. A. WILSON

INTERSTATE COMMERCE

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RAILWAY managers, with rare exception, agree that the public should have no voice in regulating railway services or railway rates. Not all high railroad officials have the same boldness to declare their positions that Mr. Milton H. Smith, president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, disclosed in testifying upon an investigation into rates on his line of road, conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. This testimony was given prior to the Supreme Court decisions which deprived the Commission of all authority to determine as to the reasonableness of the rates:

> Commission: We exercise no authority over your road until it has been determined by investigation that the rate is an unreasonable one. Your objection comes to this, that there ought to be no authority anywhere which has power to inquire whether the rate on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad is reasonable or unreasonable? . . .
>
> Mr. Smith: That is my position. . . .
>
> Commission: Now let us go back to our question. That is the foundation of it all. Here are these two points connected by your line of road and by no other line. You say that the Government ought to leave you, and the shipper who resides at those places, free to contract. Now that shipper is obliged to pay whatever you charge?
>
> Mr. Smith: No.
>
> Commission: What could he do?
>
> Mr. Smith: He could walk; he can do as he did before he had a railroad, and as thousands now do who have not railroads.

Of course we can "walk." If all were compelled to "walk" it would at least put an end to favoritism and place each individual on an equality with every other. But that is not what President Smith proposes. He and all other railway presidents allow Mr. Rockefeller to "ride" while his competitor in business must pay for himself and enough more to help pay for Rockefeller's ride. Whenever any shipper complains he is told to pay the charge or "walk."

In whatever way other railroad managers have veiled their designs by greater diplomacy and finer phrasing, they have, with a sole regard to their own gain, given to every community in the country good service or bad, with discrimination or otherwise, at as high rates as they desired to make, and the only alternative offered to the public has been, and still is, to pay up or "walk."

Under this system a few men have grown very rich, a few cities have been made very great commercial centres. But equality of opportunity has been destroyed for the individual or the independent business enterprise, and in thousands of communities the natural advantages for growth have been nullified, development arbitrarily dwarfed, and all commercial activities limited to mere local distribution.

There would be no Standard Oil monopoly to-day, no meat monopoly, no coal monopoly, no grain monopoly, no great combinations filling the entire industrial field and destroying all industrial independence and freedom, no sacrifice of cities and towns in every State to the great markets at railway terminals—in short, there would not have been imposed upon the American people a system which presents to this generation the gravest problem that has confronted democracy—

> (1) If the Federal Government, in the exercise of its lawful authority, had, for the last thirty years, fully discharged its duty to the people who maintain it, by controlling railway services and railway rates on all interstate commerce; and,
>
> (2) If each State Government, in the exercise of its authority, had likewise fully discharged its duty to the people who maintain it, by controlling railway services and railway rates on all State commerce. The control of transportation lines, with the power to regulate the service and the rate, is the control of the industrial and commercial life of the people of any community or any country.

It is well to recall again fundamental propositions in considering the regulation and control of interstate commerce.

The Supreme Court of the United States has held that:

> The business of a public carrier is of a public nature, and in performing it the carrier is also performing, to a certain extent, a function of government.

Government may conduct the transportation business itself, as it does in carrying the mails and limited quantities of merchandise carried through the mails. The business may also be conducted by corporations, such as the railway companies chartered by State Governments, and authorized to engage in transportation as public carriers. But the investment of private funds in the construction of railways and the conduct of the business by private corporations in no wise changes its character. It is still a public service and a function of government. As declared by the same court:

> It has never been considered a matter of any importance that the road was built by the agency of a private corporation. No matter who is the agent, the function performed is that of the State. Though the ownership is private, the use is public.

The Government has a duty to perform in the regulation and control of railway transportation, because the service is a public service and essentially a function of government. But there are other reasons.

The railway corporation is a natural monopoly. Its lines once established in a given territory naturally exclude other capital from investment in the field which it covers. People living along its line, and in the country tributary to it, must market their products and receive their supplies over its road. They have no choice. The Government has empowered the railway company to take their land on which it has built its road. They must accept its services or they must "walk." The Government has placed the corporation in a position where, uncontrolled, it can tyrannize over individuals and entire communities. It is therefore bound to protect them against any wrong or injustice at the hands of its creatures. Nay, more, the Government is under obligation to see to it that the corporation performs its full duty to all persons and all places, efficiently, impartially, and upon reasonable terms. The Government cannot divest itself of this responsibility. One of the ablest of the United States Supreme Court Judges, speaking for that court, said:

> But a superintending power over the highways, and the charges imposed upon the public for their use, have always remained in the Government. This is not only its indefeasible right, but it is necessary for the protection of the people against extortion and abuse.

The same duty which the State owes to protect the commerce of the State the Federal Government owes to protect the commerce of the country.

It required a ten-year struggle to enact the Interstate Commerce Law. So powerful and effective was the railway opposition in Congress that the measure was defeated session after session. When finally enacted in 1887, the law created a Commission of five men, to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. In this act it is declared that all transportation charges shall be reasonable and just, and that every unjust and unreasonable charge is prohibited and unlawful; that the Commission created by it is authorized and required to execute and enforce all the provisions of the act; that it shall investigate, inquire into, report, and order a discontinuance of all violations of the law; that it shall execute the law by petition to the court to enforce its orders, and that the court shall enforce all lawful orders made by the Commission.

When enacted, it was believed by Congress, and throughout the whole country, that the law invested the Commission with authority to "supervise rates, and to issue orders and decrees with respect to what a rate should be." When it became apparent that the enactment of the law could no longer be postponed the railroads were ready with ingenious suggestions for amendment to weaken and destroy its efficiency, and lay the foundation for its overthrow in the courts.

Under the persistent attack of the railways, the authority of the Commission was narrowed by a line of decisions which the court rendered from time to time. Finally, by 1897, a majority of the Supreme Court had decided that the law was not at all what Congress declared it to be. By judicial decision, the Commission was deprived of all power to supervise rates, or to issue orders and decrees with respect to what a rate should be, and transformed into a body merely authorized to hear complaints, take testimony and make recommendations.

In its report for 1897 the Commission says:

> As now construed by the Supreme Court, the carrier is given the right to establish and charge these rates independent of the judgment of the Commission, and independent of the action and judgment of any court or other tribunal; the right to establish, demand and receive unreasonable and unjust charges is not prohibited; and in respect to the charges which may be demanded and received for any transportation service, the carriers are made the judges in their own cases as to what is reasonable and just.

Thus all that the people, through Congress, had been struggling to secure since 1877, all that they believed they had secured through the enactment of the Interstate Commerce Law in 1887, had been practically swept aside. The victory attained by the people in Congress had been changed into defeat by the railroads in the Federal courts. The people were just where they had started twenty years before.

For years the Interstate Commerce Commission has laid before Congress all the facts: the systematic increase in rates; the gross injustice in discriminations; the utter helplessness of the Commission to afford any relief. In its annual report to Congress, December, 1897, the Commission reviewed the Supreme Court decisions and made it clear that there was no power left in the law to protect interstate commerce. It urged in that report the necessary amendments upon the attention of Congress, and this has been repeated in extended discussion and reënforced with recommendations in each annual report for the last seven years.

In 1898 the Commission reported to Congress that there was "no power, in the judgment of the Commission, or in the judgment of the court, to restrain a railroad company from demanding and receiving unreasonable and unjust charges." They said further: "The power of fixing and establishing

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Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on Fair Railroad Regulation.

reasonable rates or charges in advance is the only practical legal remedy for extortion and unreasonable, unjust charges."

Again, in 1899, Congress having failed to act the Commission said: "Every consideration of private justice and public welfare demands that the railway rates shall be reasonable, uniform to all shippers, and equitable between all communities. Until needful legislation is supplied that demand must remain unsatisfied."

Once more, in January, 1900, the Commission urged action and, among other things, said:

> The requests of the Commission for needful amendments have been supported by petitions and memorials from agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests throughout the country, yet not a line of the statute has been changed, and none of the burdensome conditions which call for relief have been removed or modified. . . . It is sufficient to say that the existing situation and the developments of the past year render more imperative than ever before the necessity for speedy and suitable legislation. We therefore renew the recommendations heretofore made, and earnestly urge their consideration and adoption.

Every effort to pass a bill embodying the recommendation of the Commission to afford relief to the overtaxed commerce of the country having failed, the Commission, in its next annual report to Congress, in 1901, said:

> The reasons for urging these amendments have been carefully explained, and repetition of the arguments at this time can hardly be expected. . . . Knowledge of the present conditions and tendencies increases rather than lessens the necessity for legislative action upon the lines already indicated, and in such other directions as will furnish an adequate and workable statute for the regulation of commerce among the several States.

This important legislation having failed again in 1902, the Commission once more appealed to Congress. Referring to the defect in the law, the Commission, in this report, says:

> That this imperfection is curable is equally conceded. The fullest power of correction is vested in the Congress, and the exercise of that power is demanded by the highest considerations of public welfare. . . . The sense of the wrongs and injustice which cannot be prevented in the present state of the law, as well as the duty enjoined by the act itself, impels the Commission to reaffirm its recommendations for the reasons so often and so fully set forth in previous reports and before the Congressional committees. Moreover, in view of the rapid disappearance of railway competition, and the maintenance of rates established by combination, attended as they are by substantial advances in the charges on many articles of household necessity, the Commission regards this matter as increasingly grave, and desires to emphasize its conviction that the safeguards required for the protection of the public will not be provided until the regulating statute is thoroughly revised.

Recognizing the right of the Federal Government to regulate and control interstate transportation, and the wrongs and injustice which could not be prevented without further legislation, President Roosevelt, in his first message to Congress, with respect to the Interstate Commerce Law, said:

> The act should be amended. The railway is a public servant. Its rates should be just to and open to all shippers alike. The Government should see to it that this is so, and should provide a speedy, inexpensive and effective remedy to that end.

On February 19, 1903, an act relating to the payment of preferential rates was approved. It contained nothing, however, which could in any way aid the Commission in affording protection against unreasonable and extravagant rates. The commerce of the country was still subject to the levying of a transportation tax as heavy and burdensome as the railroad companies were pleased to impose. Representative business men, shippers and producers were petitioning Congress and appearing before committees, with testimony and argument, to reënforce their prayers for relief. In December, 1903, in its annual report, the Commission again made a strong appeal for legislation which would clothe them with authority to establish a reasonable rate. Referring to the act of February 19, 1903, it said:

> It has added nothing whatever to the power of the Commission to correct a tariff rate which is unreasonably high or which operates with discriminating effect. It greatly aids the observance of tariff charges, but affords no remedy for those who are injured by such charges, either when they are excessive or when they are inequitably adjusted. . . . *This is the point to which the attention of Congress has been called. This is the defect of the regulating statute which demands correction.* In previous reports this question has been frequently and fully discussed. We have commented at length upon the weakness and inadequacy of the law as its provisions have been construed by the courts. We have carefully pointed out the amendments which we deemed essential, and explained in detail the reasons for our recommendations. We are unable to add anything of value to the presentation heretofore made. *Our duty in this regard has been performed.*

For seven long years this broken-down statute has been before Congressional committees, where, day after day, arguments and appeals have been made in vain to secure action to repair, in some measure, its defects.

As the law was weakened and the efficiency of the Commission was impaired by judicial decisions from time to time, leaving the interstate transportation of the country without regulation, railway rates became higher, railway abuses began to multiply, and protests and complaints came from all quarters of the country and from all classes of industry. Within a year or two railroad consolidation became marked. The railroad business of the country was literally honeycombed with discriminations in the form of rebates, and transportation charges were everywhere generally advanced.

The Industrial Commission, in its report submitted to Congress, December, 1901, after a careful investigation of the subject, said:

> Summarized, we conclude that the advance in the *published* freight rates upon all the railroads of the country is probably not less than twenty-five per cent.

Powerless to restrain the railroads from imposing higher rates, powerless to prevent discrimination in shipping charges and facilities to favored interests and localities, the Commission could only, year after year, set forth, in its annual reports to Congress, the gravity of the situation and the urgent need of legislation for the protection of the commerce of the country. In its latest published report it is made very clear that rates have generally advanced in all sections of the country.

Increased Traffic Cheapens Cost of Transporting

THE coal rates; the iron schedules; the rates upon grain and its products; lumber; live stock and its products, are generally higher than four years ago—the increases upon coal rates alone amounting to very much more than $25,000,000 per year.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has shown that the average rate per each ton of freight—not per ton per mile—was about twelve and three-quarter cents higher in the spring of 1904 than in 1899. When the increase was applied to the traffic of 1903 it was found that it meant an increase in gross earnings, from this single source, of over $155,000,000. From this cause alone the gross earnings from the freight traffic in 1903 was thus over thirteen per cent. greater than would otherwise have been the case. The gross earnings from freight traffic were $424,282,871 greater in 1903 than in 1899. Of this amount $155,000,000, or about thirty-six per cent., was derived from increases in the rates.

No one will question the soundness of the proposition that as the volume of traffic increases, and the efficiency of transporting is developed and improved, the cost is greatly reduced, and rates should fall proportionately. But, instead, rates have steadily advanced, adding greatly to the increased cost of living, wrongfully imposing burdens upon the great body of consumers throughout the country.

The volume of traffic has greatly increased since 1896. In 1897 the tons of freight carried one mile per mile of road amounted to 519,079. In 1902 it stood 793,351. The increase thus amounts to 274,272, or about fifty-two per cent.

The facilities for handling were greatly improved, increasing the number of tons carried in each car and the number of loaded cars in each train, as well as the capacity of engines for moving larger loads. Roadbeds and tracks have likewise been improved, and all of the elements of cost in transporting freight greatly reduced. Yet the cost of these improvements has, as a rule, been charged to operating expenses, and paid for in the increased rates by the people.

In 1897 it required 1647 cars to carry 1,000,000 tons of freight; in 1903 it required only 1268 cars to carry that amount. In 1897 each locomotive carried 36,362 tons of freight; in 1903 each locomotive hauled 51,265 tons. In 1897 the average number of tons per freight train mile amounted to 204.62; in 1902 it amounted to 296.47. Here, then, we have an increase in the efficiency of the road to handle freight that is equal to about forty-two per cent.

With the increase in the volume of traffic the profits of handling the same will be relatively very much larger, even though there is no improvement in the facilities of transportation. But where the facilities have all undergone the marked improvement above noted, the profits are, of course, enormously increased. This proves to be the case with the railway companies during recent years.

For the whole country gross earnings and net earnings per mile were as follows:

The gross earnings per mile were $6122 in 1897, and $8625 in 1902, an increase for the period that amounted to $2503 per mile, or to 40.9 per cent.

The net earnings per mile amounted to $2016 in 1897, and to $3084 in 1902, an increase of $1068 per mile, or forty-six per cent.

The net earnings per mile in 1897 were equal to six per cent. on $33,600. The net earnings per mile in 1902 were equal to six per cent. on $50,800.

We have, then, an increase in the volume of the traffic amounting to fifty-two per cent., an increase in the efficiency of the road to handle all the traffic equal to forty-two per cent., with a resulting increase in gross earnings for the period amounting to 40.9 per cent. per mile of road, and of net earnings amounting to forty-six per cent. Add to this the fact that the net earnings per mile on all the railroads of the country equaled six per cent. on a capitalization of $33,600 for the year 1897, while the net earnings per mile by 1902 had mounted to such a figure as would equal six per cent. on $50,800 per mile, and we have a result the significance of which can escape no intelligent man.

Observe now what is definitely shown with respect to advancing rates. The approximate average rate per ton per mile was 7.24 mills in 1899, and 7.57 mills in 1902. The average *revenue per freight train mile* was $1.63 in 1897, and $1.79 in 1899, while in 1902 it amounted to $2.44.

Whenever the public complains that rates are unjustly increased we are at once told in a sweeping, though somewhat indefinite, way that the advances have been made to meet increased expenses and higher wages paid to employees. The corporations well understand the public regard for all the men employed in this hazardous calling, and that such an explanation will go a long way to quiet criticism.

It is true that material is somewhat higher. It is likewise true that the companies are paying higher wages, or, rather, higher salaries. The total wages paid by the roads of late years have increased, owing mostly to the increase in the number of men employed to handle the traffic or business. But the total wages per mile of road from 1897 to 1902 did not increase over thirty-two per cent., which is a much lower ratio of increase than the increase in both gross and net earnings. The average daily rate of wages per each person also increased, but in this case the increases were comparatively small, except for the officers of the road, for whom substantial increases may be noted. The average increase per person, outside of the officers, does not exceed five per cent. This is plain from the following table:

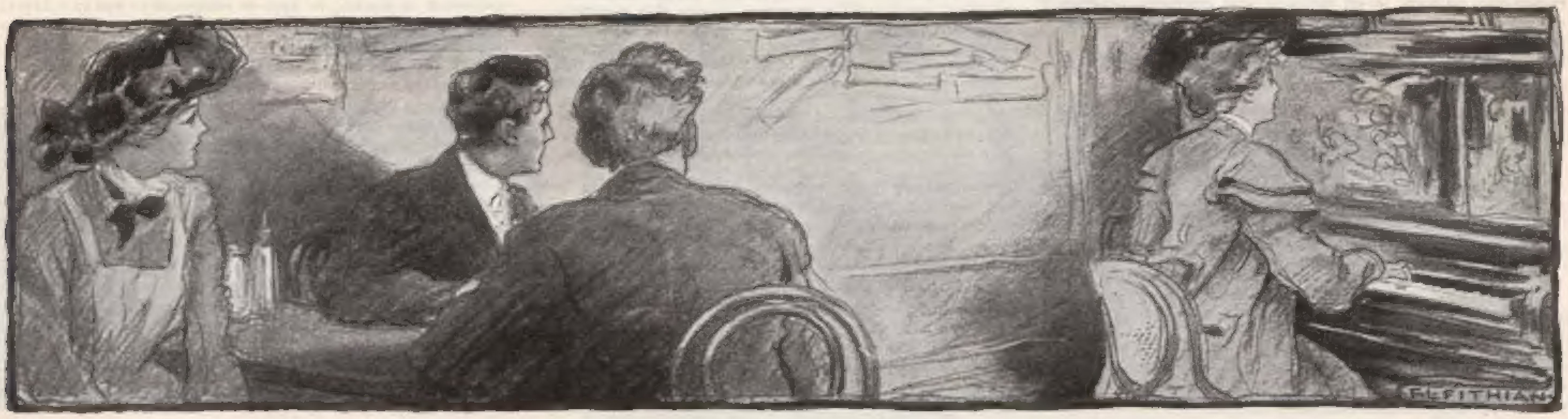
AVERAGE PER CENT. OF INCREASE IN WAGES ON ALL THE RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1897 TO 1902, INCLUSIVE.

CLASSIFICATION	Per cent.	CLASSIFICATION	Per cent.
General officers	17.08	Other shopmen	4.09
Other officers	9.37	Section foremen	1.17
General office clerks (no increase)		Other trackmen	7.75
Station agents	4.04	Switch-tenders, crossing-tenders and watchmen	2.90
Other station men	.61	Telegraph operators and dispatchers	5.78
Enginemen	5.20	Employees—account floating equipment	7.32
Firemen	7.31	All other employees and laborers	4.26
Conductors	4.56		
Other trainmen	7.36		
Machinists	5.82		
Carpenters	3.48		

It will be seen from the foregoing table that the increase in wages means—outside of high-salaried officials, and a small addition, ranging from one per cent. to seven per cent., in the wages of all other employees—simply a larger total amount paid out as wages, owing to the employment of a larger

(Continued on Page 19)

Flaherty, Master of Love



IT SEEMED TO HIM HE HAD ALWAYS KNOWN SHE COULD SING, AND LIKE THAT

And How He Corrected an Oversight of Destiny

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD

OSBORNE paused a moment before Flaherty's café, and glanced down Wabash Avenue. He could dine now as expensively as he pleased, and yet he found himself regularly going to the Irishman's. Every time he came he saw it all freshly, because he chose it deliberately when he might have gone elsewhere. He liked to see Flaherty. It was not because he owed his success to Flaherty in the beginning; it was because the big humanness of the man drew him. Flaherty's dim, cheap, little place, with its aggressive window crisscrossed by the bill-of-fare, its tables filled with faces of all sorts of people just above poverty, was his only real substitute for the dim, dark rooms of old Castle Osborne which he called home. And Flaherty and pretty Kathleen, the head waitress, his loving admirers, perhaps gratified his feudal sense; certainly, they were his only substitute for family ties.

Flaherty was sitting with his back to the window as Osborne entered.

"Is that Robert Immit Osborne?" he called, turning his head slightly. "How are ye the night?"

Osborne grasped his hand.

"Anything the matter with your head, Flaherty?" he asked gravely.

"Jist luk acrost the way and see is that other resthrant man in his window," directed Flaherty.

Osborne glanced at the broad window across the street, almost a counterpart of Flaherty's own.

"No; I can see him inside helping wait; his place is crowded," replied Osborne.

Flaherty sighed as he turned about.

"Competition's the curse iv this country, whin it's directed agin me," he remarked. "I was afraid that man stud at his window thriumpin' over me, seein' me tied to his charyut wheels. Ye were tellin' me the Romans asked fur bread and circuses?"

Osborne nodded, and then bowed brightly to Kathleen, who hurried from the kitchen, her pretty face flushed over a great tray of food.

"Well," went on Flaherty, "the Americans ask fur circuses wid their bread. There's that man acrost the street. Whin he see I had you hired to play the pianna here during meals what does he do? Sure, he gits a little band of t'ree musicians, and hides 'em up behind two palms, and dhresses 'em up in some outlandish dhress—Hungarian, he says—and has 'em tinklin' away. Hungarian, indade! Two iv thim's the Flannagan byes from Bunker Sthreet. Ain't I broke one iv their heads to give him the sinse how to vote? And now he gits into a circus suit from Sheehan's junk-shop! 'Tis well the palms is there to hide 'em."

"Oh, Dan, Dan!" laughed Osborne. "How are you going to beat him?"

"I've been thinkin' over a scheme, iv course," said Flaherty. "I've been thinkin' it moight take to have Kathleen dhressed up in a Jap kimono, me pursuin' her and her tray betune the tables dhressed like a Cossack. It might hustle along the sarvice, but it's a little too spectacular, to say nothin' iv the desthruction to the dishes."

"You'll win out," said Osborne with easy confidence.

"Sure!" returned Flaherty. "The man acrost the way ain't got more sinse thin to git hold of wan scheme and stick to that. Now, he'll run his Hungarian von Flannagans into the airth; you'll see. I thry wan t'ing after another. Fur wan t'ing, I've got a new waithress."

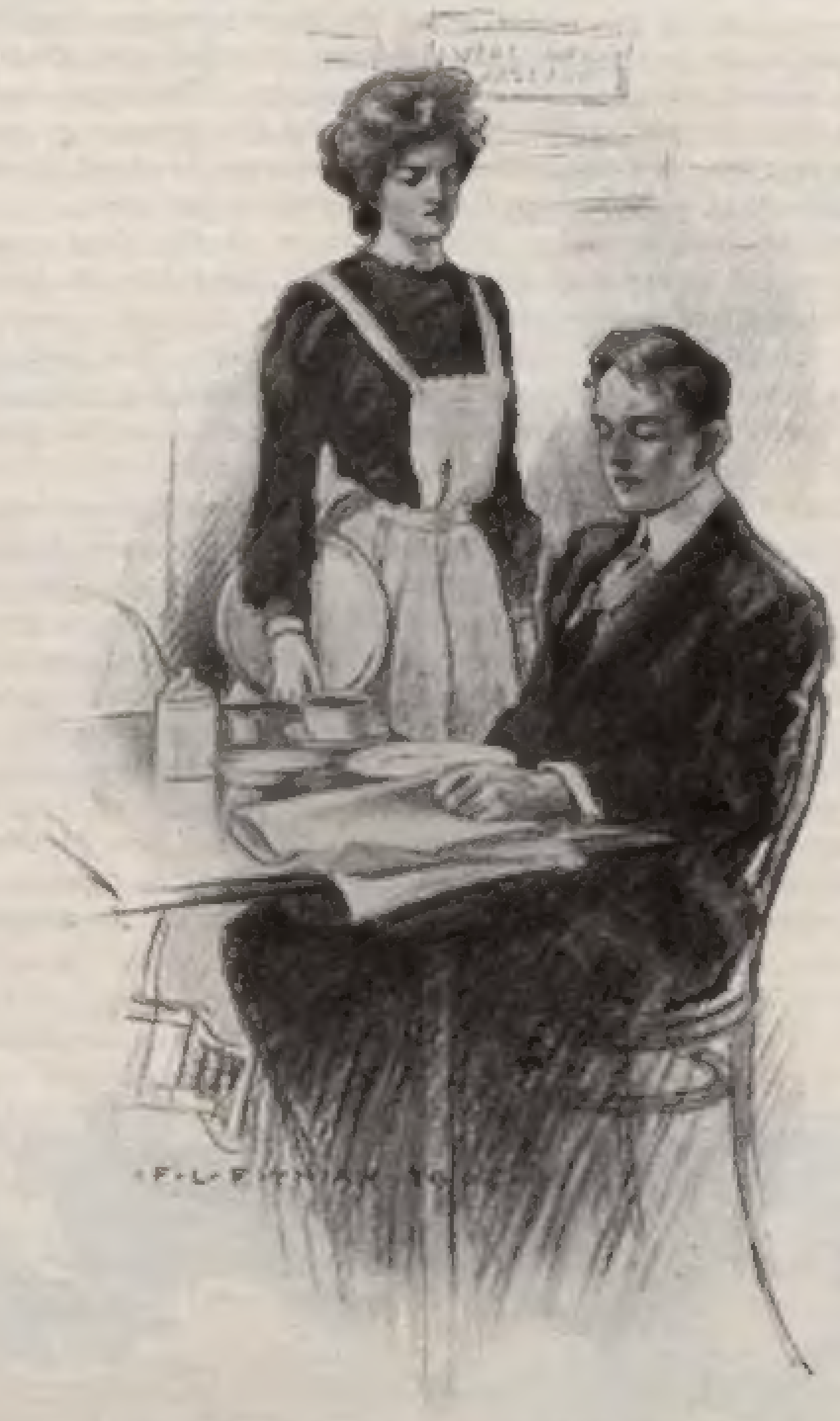
"Yes?" said Osborne, looking toward a vacant seat at Kathleen's table.

"'Tis but a chape place here, but men of anny sort are sthruck be a fine woman. Some like the kind'll lane on yer shoulder whin she's askin' ye will ye have pig's cheek and cabbage. Some like the sort that thrate ye sthraight through as a business proposition. But they'll all like anny kind of woman so she's good-lookin' and stheps quick and brings the things hot. So my motto is v'riety."

"The seat's gone," sighed Osborne.

"Niver mind. I want the new gurrul to wait on ye so ye can complemint me taste. I see her t'ree days ago lookin' into the other man's window and hesitatin', and I knew be inspiration she was afther a job. Tall she was, and a lot of fair hair undher her black hat. Thin she turrns around and walks in a quick, decided way acrost the street toward me place. I see her face and her mouth. 'Twasn't so much because they were handsome as because she looked as if she knew her mind. I made up me own mind I'd have her."

"But how in the world did you—did you fix Kathleen?" asked Osborne. "If the girl is so pretty and competent ——"



AND HE FINISHED A SENTENCE BEFORE HE LOOKED UP

Flaherty grinned.

"I made wan lep to the back iv the resthrant where Kathleen was sortin' out the napkins. 'Now, the saints presarve me, Kathleen!' says I; 'here does be comin' a woman, and I feel in me bones she wants a job. I'll have no giantesses in me place.'

"The new gurrul opens the dure, and in she comes standin' modest and lookin' inquirin' at me. 'Do you go and git her out, Kathleen,' says I. 'I'm busy; we don't want no waitresses.' Kathleen, iv coorse, perks up her head, and says, 'You know well, Flaherty, that we nade another. I s'pose ye want to wurruk me to death?' 'I don't,' says I, 'but I don't want no giantesses stheppin'——' Wid that she goes up to the new gurrul, and I knew 'twas all right.

"They speak a worrud or two, and Kathleen comes back and says in a loud voice: 'There's a lady wantin' to wait on table. I says to her I don't know yer plans.' Kathleen is careful iv the dacencies, ye obsarve, but ye shud have seen her eye. 'You take her,' she says in a low voice. 'Thin the raysponsibility's on you,' says I. ''Tis you kin break her in if she's as grane as she looks.' So there ye are. The two's the bist iv frinds. And—I might have known it be me likin' fur her—she's full half-Irish, though she talks English. I never see a waitress like her before. Sara Allerton's her name, widout the 'h.' But do ye git to table, boy. Thry steak the night."

Osborne took a seat at the nearest table, and pulling a newspaper from his pocket began to read. A woman came to his side, and he finished a sentence before he looked up at Sara Allerton. He almost rose from his chair, while she withdrew a quick pace. And so they gazed at each other fully ten seconds. Where had he seen her before? For those gray eyes, soft and steady, the low-lying waves of dull, yellow hair, were as familiar to him as the rose-garden of Castle Osborne. And why should he think now of that garden and of his old, old great-grandmother who used to tell him quavering stories in the rose-garden when he was a little boy? Then he said hastily:

"Steak—and I take my coffee with my dessert. Thank you very much."

A slight smile quivered on the girl's lips as she withdrew. Osborne sat staring at his paper, while Flaherty strolled up to him.

"Well, I see how she sthruck ye—hit ye betune the eyes," he chuckled.

"Why, Dan, Dan," said Osborne vaguely; "what is she doing here? She's no waitress. I haven't heard her voice, but I know she's a lady. Did you see her hands? Why should she be working here?"

"If ye live in this counthry a little longer, ye'll grow to be a thrue dimmycrat, I hope," said Flaherty, somewhat offended. "Ivery wan's aquil in me resthrant. She's no more ner no less iv a lady thin Kathleen whin she's takin' me pay, and ivery wan in me place'll thrate thim as sich, or be t'run out. Anny man could marry aither iv thim and be proud to do it, be he Prisident or p'liceman."

"Of course you're right, Flaherty," said Osborne hastily. "I only meant ——"

"If she don't wait on ye right I'll hear yer complaint," said Flaherty, walking back to his desk.

The kitchen door flashed open, and Osborne watched the grace with which the new waitress walked the length of the room, carrying a heavy tray. Her bearing reminded him of open moors; he felt that she must have walked much in roomy places. After she served him she asked:

"Is that quite all?"

At the sound of her voice Osborne had a confused sense that he was somehow wronging her because they were not sitting beside a tea-table, she asking him, "One lump, or two?"

"I—I always take three," he murmured

"I *beg* your pardon?" she said, and he flushed foolishly.

"I beg yours. I hardly know where my mind was. I—I have everything, thank you—thank you very much."

He had a suspicion that she quite realized his embarrassment and was enjoying it. There was a distinct hint of humor in her soft, gray eyes. Then he felt illogical anger at her for not realizing the pathos of her situation. Was she perhaps not so fine after all, since she was amused rather than humiliated? Osborne ate his dinner in irritated silence It was not till Sara Allerton brought him his pudding and coffee that it occurred to him that his thought of her had been snobbish.

The restaurant was nearly empty, and Kathleen, freed from her labors, joined him for a few minutes of happy chatter. She was full of praise of the new waitress, warming to her subject as Osborne seemed uninterested. When he arose she said:

"You'll be playing a chune for us the night? Sure we've not been able to git a player that suits since ye lift."

Flaherty, who was talking to Sara Allerton at the desk, looked up.

"If ye are not too tired, Robert Immit?" he asked. "He's got the thrue blood in him, me dear," he added to Sara; "Robert Immit Osborne."

Osborne chose to take this as an introduction, and bowed constrainedly. The girl, after a moment, responded with the same hint of amusement in her eyes. Osborne flushed again and went to the piano.

The three took chairs at the nearest table Their easy attitudes under the soft glow of a red shaded lamp, and Flaherty's kindly, expectant face, somehow gave the little room a homelike aspect. As Osborne touched the keys his restraint and awkwardness died away. He looked at the affectionate faces of Flaherty and Kathleen and wondered which Irish tune he should choose. Suddenly he had an impulse to sing as well as play, and he struck softly into She is Far from the Grave Where Her Young Hero Sleeps.

Flaherty listened with sentimental face.

"Ah, dear, ah, dear!" he said softly, with moist eyes as the last notes died away; "now, that's the song that goes right to the heart iv me. Maybe," he added to Sara, "borrun in this counthry, me dear, ye don't know all the story. Sure, 'twas goin' to see his swateheart that Robert Immit was taken be the British. Thin, whin she wint to India, Moore wrote that song."

"And——" prompted Sara.

"Oh, 'tis clane ashamed I am to tell wan woman iv the threachery iv another," said Flaherty. "Afther all Immit did fur her—died, no less, fur I feel sure she called him back—and afther that illigant song, she wint and marrid somewan ilse."

"Sure, why not?" said Kathleen pertly. "Very like if Immit had lived he'd have jilted her—or—or—at laste, they'd have bruk off," she added hastily, seeing Flaherty's lowering face.

"I wish I'd been there," he said in a moment. "I'd have brought thim two togither, and what's more, I'd have kipt thim togither."

"Like Angus, the Master of Love," suggested Osborne.

He looked at Sara and was surprised to notice that she seemed to see no humor in the situation, although she had been ready enough to laugh at him. She was looking at Flaherty with a certain kind of sympathy.

"He'd been thrue to her jist as he was to Oireland," went on Flaherty emotionally.

"What do you think?" asked Kathleen of Sara

"I think she should have forgotten self," Sara said after a pause. "It was not an ordinary case of a lover's death; she somehow stood for all women, just as he stood for all lovers and all patriots."

"Ye have the beautiful wurruds, me dear," said Flaherty, patting her hand. "I was feelin' that way mesilf."

"That's all very well," said Kathleen stubbornly; "but it's easier to stand fur all lovers and all patriots and then git killed quick and carried to glory thin it is to live alone fur years and years standin' fur all women. I am thinkin' that the heretic the praste told me of—John Rogers, that got burnt quick—if he didn't have a betther time than Mrs. Rogers, wurrukin' the rist of her life to support the nine childer he lift behind."

"Sure, I know well ye can't mane all ye say, Kathleen," said Flaherty patiently.

"Indade I do," said Kathleen; "and annyway, what ilse could the gurrul do wid her father showin' her the dure? She couldn't be a waitress, belike. And annyway, she died iv a broken heart."

Flaherty sighed with divided sympathy.

"Sure, thin, Dan, I don't mane it all," said Kathleen, in a burst of unusual penitence. "Only it does seem, Flaherty, that you men are the cool wans to sit by and tell a woman to be an old maid all her life so ye kin sing Moore's song wid a free heart. I know I'd have marrid."

"Ye think ye wuddn't and ye know ye wud," said Flaherty with insight. "But Immit's swateheart should have been made of grander stuff."

"It's a sad old story," said Osborne, "and they are all dead years ago, and we have them to thank for sad and beautiful feelings."

Sara Allerton gave him what he recognized with pleasure as a glance of fellowship.

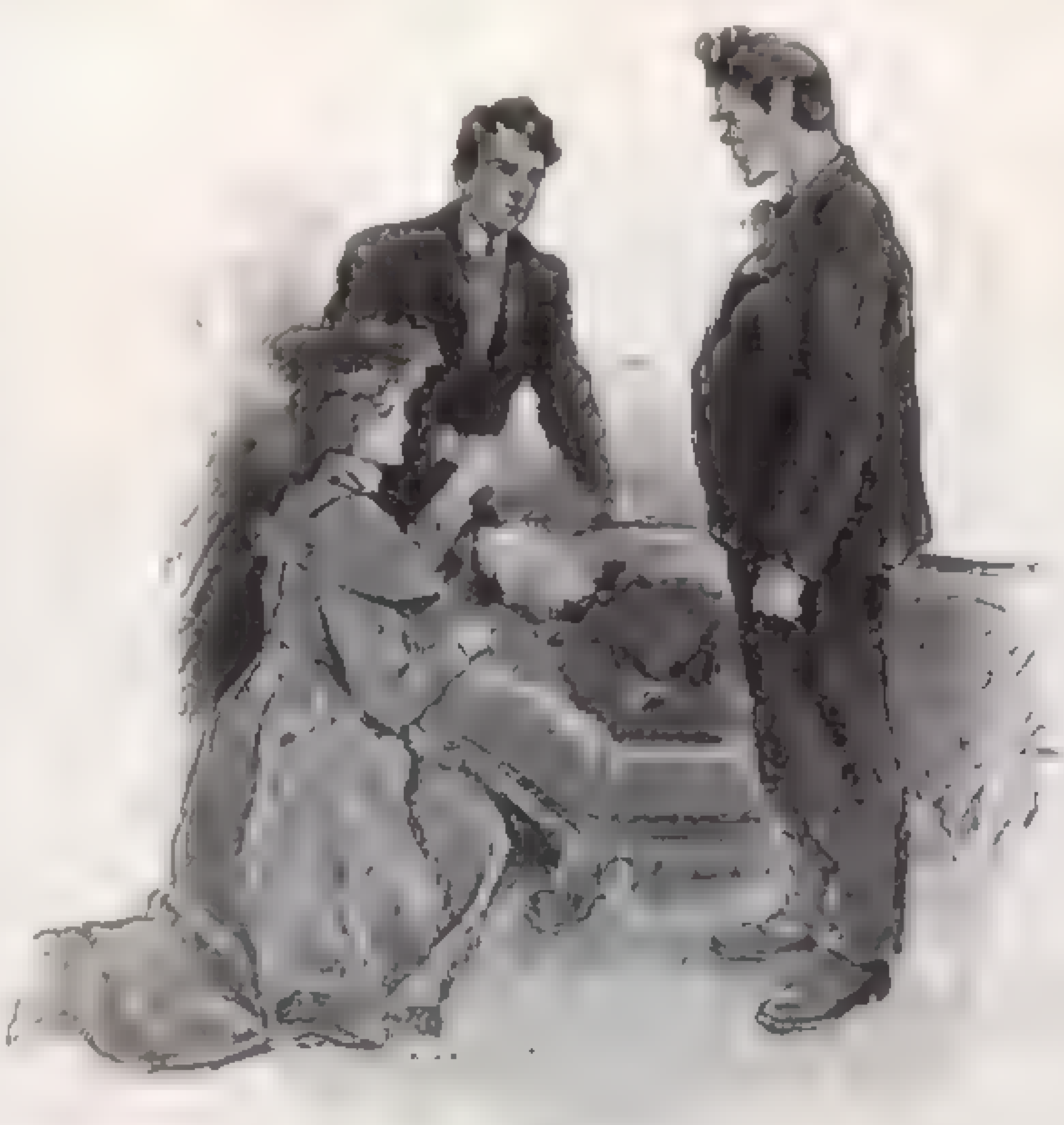
"Perhaps they wander together in old gardens and talk of it," she said softly.

Flaherty shook his head violently, and his pink face grew crimson.

"Niver!" he said. "The Lord wuddn't sthand fur a t'ing like that. If she was too wake to live alone in time, be jabers, let her pay fur ut in eternity."

"No doubt he's suited himsilf since, if such a thing's possible above, Dan Flaherty," said Kathleen sharply. "Things do be aven, annyhow. I wish that they could be here."

The new waitress smiled at Osborne. Singularly light-hearted, he struck into another Irish tune When he looked up after a time he found that Flaherty and Kathleen were his only listeners.



THEY HAD NOT HEARD FLAHERTY, AND THEY LOOKED UP HAND IN HAND TO SEE HIM BESIDE THEM, SMILING SENTIMENTALLY

"Sara shlipped away," said Flaherty apologetically. "She don't like to be on the sthreet alone very late. She ain't got steady comp'ny to call fur her loike Kathleen here. What! are ye goin'? Well, jist watch out fur me ither new attractions."

When Osborne stepped into Wabash Avenue, he drew a long breath and tossed back his curly head.

"All this disturbance about a waitress," he said to himself "Pouf!"

But the next day he went out of his way to lunch at Flaherty's. As he passed along the street crowded with people, he stopped in company with a score of men to look at a couple by the curb. The man was a rawboned young fellow, apparently from the country, and clinging to his arm was a tiny, elderly woman with an alarmed face. The two were gazing awestruck at the crowds and the tall buildings. Osborne had a movement of sympathy toward them which he felt was shared by the crowd about him. Presently the young man lifted his carpet-bag, turned it to the crowd, and grinned.

"'Go to Flaherty's for home cooking,'" read Osborne from a sign on that carpet-bag as the crowd dissolved.

"I see be yer face ye seen ut," said Flaherty, as Osborne entered the restaurant. "Good idea, eh?"

"Splendid. All the same, the little old lady wasn't acting; she was afraid of the crowd and the horses," Osborne said

"Yes," said Flaherty sympathetically. "Sara knew her and picked her fur the job. Th' old lady wud rather be scared to death thin live on other people. I do hate to have her at the wurruk. How'd we like to have our own mothers, Hivin rest 'em——"

"Well, Miss—er—if the new waitress knows her, I suppose she knows what is best for the little old woman, but——"

"Ah, it's harrud, harrud! No woman, young or old, shud have to wurruk wid her heart in her mouth," said Flaherty. "I've the good crowd the noon, do you notice?"

Osborne nodded and made his way to the table at which Sara was waiting. He spoke a word of greeting and she bowed quietly. To-day there was no hint of amusement in her eyes. He watched her as she went about her work, and felt a curious pleasure as he saw that her patrons seemed to like her. That night he came late to dinner, anxious to see if she would remain should he play. Without waiting for a request from Flaherty he took his seat and played Flaherty's favorite, The Wearin' o' the Green. Sara, her hat on, paused at the desk, and stood listening with Flaherty and Kathleen. Kathleen asked for Erin, the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes, and then Flaherty wanted Wexford Boys.

After a time Osborne addressed Sara:

"Can't I play something for you?"

She hesitated; then:

"Agadhoe," she responded.

He played and sang the wild, mournful tune, and as he sang he saw again the Wexford hills, and the old roads, and the low stone fences of his home. Sara's face was before him like the face of a friend, and he could smell the roses in the old garden of Castle Osborne.

He rose from the piano, and as Sara passed into the street he nodded to the others and followed her.

"May I see you to the car?" he asked

"It isn't far—yes," she answered

"It's a weird old song, Agadhoe," he said abruptly as they walked toward the corner. "My great-grandmother used to sing it to me. I know now that it always reminded her of her cousin, Robert Emmet Rather think she loved him. Even now I can feel the bitterness in her voice as she told me of his sweetheart's treachery, as Flaherty calls it."

"Yes." Sara's voice was musing. "You think she would have been true? True as the girl in Agadhoe?" She sang softly the last lines of the song

"Then I covered him with fern and I piled on
him the cairn:
Like an Irish King he sleeps in Agadhoe."

"You must have seen Ireland," he said.

"Yes." Her tone was non committal "I wait here for my car," she added

"A West-Side car, then," he remarked.

"Yes." Again her tone was non-committal, and Osborne flushed. He had not been trying to find out where she lived. They stood in silence until the car came. He helped her on and lifted his hat. As he was going she turned back for a moment.

"Thank you for Agadhoe," she said brightly.

Thereafter Osborne rarely missed a meal at Flaherty's, and rarely a night passed that he did not play or sing. Sometimes Sara slipped away before he could take her to her car; oftener she waited for him. As the time passed, and he found that the wealth of the day shone for him in the hour at Flaherty's, he began to grow anxious. Then for a few weeks he was happy in the belief that he liked and sought Sara Allerton because she reminded him of Ireland and of things and people Irish. It was at this time that his heart was lightest.

They never spoke to each other while she waited on him, and their words were few in the presence of Flaherty and Kathleen, yet Osborne felt that they were friends. He was neither sentimental nor mystical, but when he sang or played, and her eyes or smile met his, he felt that there were old places they must have seen and old thoughts they must have lived together. Without a spoken word from her that said anything, he could feel her reserves slowly slipping could feel their subtle bond of friendship strengthening And still there was a barrier she never withdrew. When he asked her one evening if she would not let him see her home she shook her head

"But why?" he asked quickly.

"For one thing, I am very busy," she said "I have other things to do; my life is not wholly centred in Flaherty's.

"And am I never to come?" he asked, with something like timidity.

"Ah, I don't say that." And there was something very sweet in Sara Allerton's voice.

"Of course, I trust you," he said quickly.

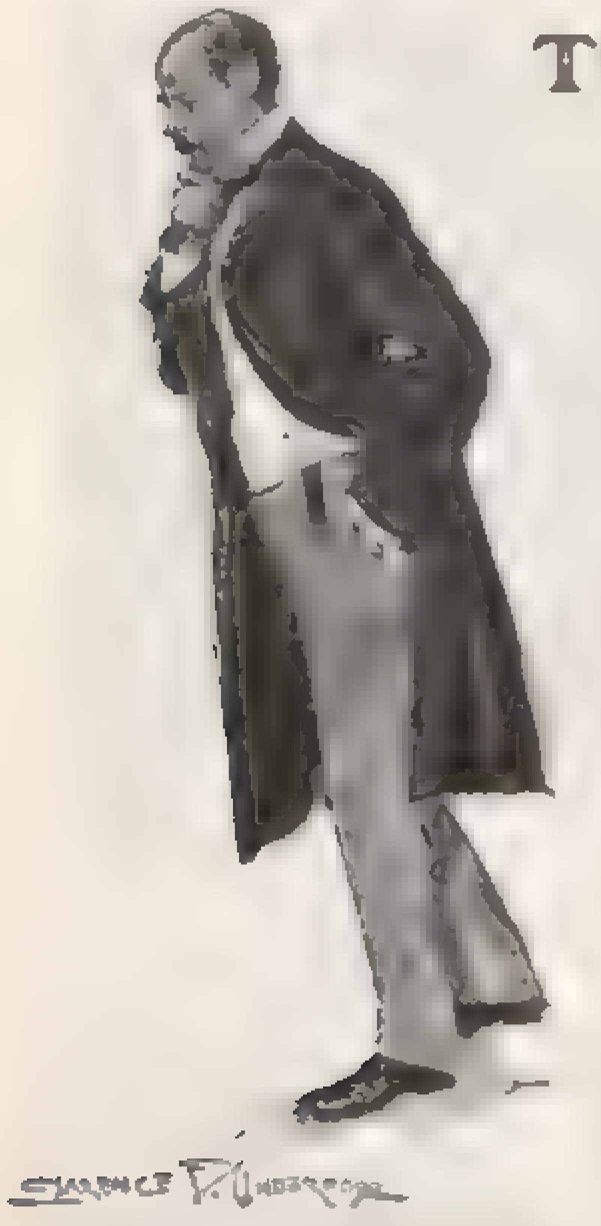
Then he went home, disturbed, his simple happiness in the friendship quite gone. Meanwhile, Flaherty and Kathleen had been watching the course of events with keen interest. Flaherty had thought at first that Osborne was merely interested in Sara as he was in Kathleen; that he recognized that Sara, like Kathleen, had found a place in Flaherty's particular favor which the other waitresses did not share. But, as time had passed, Flaherty had seen that Osborne's liking was something deeper than that. He began to doubt the young man's wisdom.

"He'll be puttin' notions in her head," he grumbled to himself.

(Continued on Page 21)

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

The Commentaries of a Cæsar in Skirts



HE BEGAN TO PACE UP AND DOWN THE FLOOR, PULLING AT HIS WHISKERS

DECEMBER 6.—Last Monday morning young Mr. Burke—Cyrus, the son and heir—arrived, just from Germany. The first glimpse I had of him was as he entered the house between his father and his mother, who had gone to the station to meet him. I got myself out of the way and didn't come down until "Ma" Burke sent for me. I liked the way she was sitting there beaming—but then I like almost everything she does; she's such a large, natural person. She never stands, except on her way to sit just as soon as ever she can. "I never was a great hand for using my feet," she said to me on my second day, "and I don't know but about as much seems to 'a' come to find me as most people catch up with by running their legs off." I liked the way her son was hovering about her. And I liked the way "Pa" Burke hovered round them both, nervous and pulling at his whiskers and trying to think of things to say. If he only wouldn't use brilliantine, or whatever it is, on his whiskers!

"Cyrus, this is my friend, Miss Talltowers," said Mrs Burke. I smiled and he clapped his heels together with a click and doubled up as if he had a sudden pain in his middle, just like all the northern Continental diplomats. When he straightened back to the normal I took a good look at him—and he at me. I don't know—or, rather, didn't then know—what *he* thought. But I thought him—well, "common." He has a great big body that's strong and well proportioned; but his features are so insignificant—a small mouth, a small nose, small ears, eyes, forehead, small head. And there, in the very worst place—just where the part ought to be—was the cowlick I'd noticed in his photograph. When he began to speak I liked him still less. He's been at Berlin three years, but still has his Harvard accent. I wonder why they teach men at Harvard to use their lips in making words as a Miss Nancy sort of man uses his fingers in doing fancy-work?

Neither of us said anything memorable, and presently he went away to his room, his mother going up with him. His father followed to the foot of the stairs, then drifted away to his study where he could lie in wait for Cyrus on his way down. Pretty soon his mother came into the "office" they've given me—it's just off the drawing-room so that I can be summoned to it the instant any one comes to see Mrs. Burke. "I've let his pa have him for a while," she explained, as she came in. I saw that she was wrapped up in her boy, so I turned away from my books. She rambled on about him for an hour, not knowing what she was saying, but just pouring out whatever came into her head. "His pa has always said I'd spoil him," was one of the things I remember, "but I don't think love ever spoiled anybody." Also she told me that his real name wasn't Cryus but Bucyrus, the town his father originally came from—it's somewhere in Ohio, I think she said. "And," said she, "whenever I want to cut his comb I just give him his name. He tames right down." Also, that he has used all sorts of things on the cowlick without success. "There it is, still," said she, "as cross-grained as ever. I like it about the best of anything, except maybe his long legs. I'm a duck-leg myself, and his pa—well, *his* legs 'just about reach the ground,' as Lincoln said, and after that the less said the sooner forgot. But Cyrus has *legs*. And his cowlick matches a cowlick in his disposition—a kind of gnarly knot that you can't cut nor saw through nor get round no way. It's been the saving of him, he's so good-natured and easy otherwise." And she went on to tell how generous he is: "the only generous small eared person I've ever known, though I must say I have my doubts about ears as a sign. There was Bill Slayback in our town, with ears like a jack-rabbit; whenever he had a poor man do a job of work about his place he used to pay him with a ninety-day note and then shave it."

I was glad when she hurried away—yes, actually hurried—at the sound of Cyrus in the hall. For I had my work to do, and a huge lot there'll be of it until I get things in some sort of order. I've opened a regular set of books to keep the social accounts in. Of course, nobody who goes in for society on the scale we're going into it could get along without social bookkeeping as big as a bank's. I pity the official women in the high places who can't afford secretaries; they must spend hours every night posting and fussing with their account-books when they ought to be in bed asleep.

On my second day here "Pa" Burke explained what his plans were. "We wish to make our house," said he, "the most distinguished social centre in Washington, next to the White House—and very democratic. Above all, Miss Talltowers, democratic."

"He don't mean that he wants us to do our own work and send out the wash," drawled "Ma" Burke, who was sitting by. "But democratic, with fourteen servants in livery."

"I understand," said I. "You wish simplicity, and people to feel at ease, Mr. Burke."

"Exactly," he replied in a dubious tone. "But I wish to maintain the—the dignities, as it were."

I saw he was afraid I might get the idea he wanted something like those rough-and-tumble public maulings of the President that they have at the White House. I hastened to reassure him; then I explained my plan. I had drawn up a system somewhat like those the President's wife and the Cabinet women and the other big entertainers have. I'm glad the Burkes haven't any daughters. If they had I'd certainly need an assistant. As it is, I'm afraid I'll worry myself hollow-eyed over my books.

First, there's the Ledger—a real, big, thick office ledger with almost four hundred accounts in it, each one indexed. Of course, there aren't any entries as yet. But there soon will be—what we owe various people in the way of entertainment, what they've paid and what they owe us.

Second, there's my Day-Book. It contains each day's engagements so that I can find out at a glance just what we've got to do, and can make out each night before going to bed or early each morning the schedule for Mrs. Burke for the day and for Senator Burke and the son, I suppose, for the late afternoon and the evening.

Third, there's the Calling-Book. Already I've got down more than a thousand names. The obscurer the women are—the back-district Congressmen's wives and the like—the greater the necessity for keeping the calling account straight. I wonder how many public men have had their careers injured or ruined just because their wives didn't keep the calling account straight. They say that *men* forgive slights and, when it's to their interest, forget them. But I know the *women* never do. They keep the knife sharp and wait for a chance to stick it in, for years and years. Of course, if the Burkes weren't going into this business in a way that makes me think the Senator's looking for the nomination for President, I shouldn't be so elaborate. We'd pick out our set and stick to it and ignore the other sets. As it is, I'm going to do this thing thoroughly, as it hasn't been done before.

Fourth, there's our Ball and Big-Dinner Book. That's got one list of all the young men and another of all the young women. And I'm making notes against the names of those I don't know very well or don't know at all—notes about their personal appearance, eligibility, capacities for dancing, conversation, and so forth and so on. If you're going to make an entertainment a success you've got to know something more or less definite about the people that are coming—whom to ask to certain things and whom not to ask. Take a man like Phil Harkness, or a girl like Nell Witton, for example. Either of them would ruin a dinner, but Phil shines at a ball, where silence and good steady dancing are what the girls want. As for Nell, she's possible at a ball only if you can be sure John Rush or somebody like him is coming—somebody to sit with her and help her blink at the ball and be bored. Then there's the Sam Tremenger sort of man—a good talker, but something ruinous when he turns loose in a ballroom and begins to batter the women's toilettes to bits. He's a dinner man, but you can't ask him when politics may be discussed—he gets so violent that he not only talks all the time but makes a deafening clamor and uses swear words—and we still have quiet people who get gooseflesh for "damn."

Then there's—let me see, what number—oh, yes—fifth, there's my Acceptance-and Refusal Book. It's most necessary, both as a direct help and as an indirect check on other books. Then, too, I want it to be impossible to send the Burkes to places they've said they wouldn't go, or for them to be out when they've asked people to come here. Those things usually happen when you've asked some of those dreadful people that everybody always forgets, yet that are sure to be important at some critical time.

Sixth, there's my Book of Home Entertainments—a small book but most necessary, as arranging entertainments in the packed days of the Washington season isn't easy.

Seventh, there's the little book with the list of entertainments other people are going to give. We have to have that so that we can know how to make our plans. And in it I'm going to keep all the information I can get about the engagements of the people we particularly want to ask. If I'm not sharp-eyed about that I'll fail in one of my principal duties, which is getting the right sort of people under this roof often enough during the season to give us "distinction."

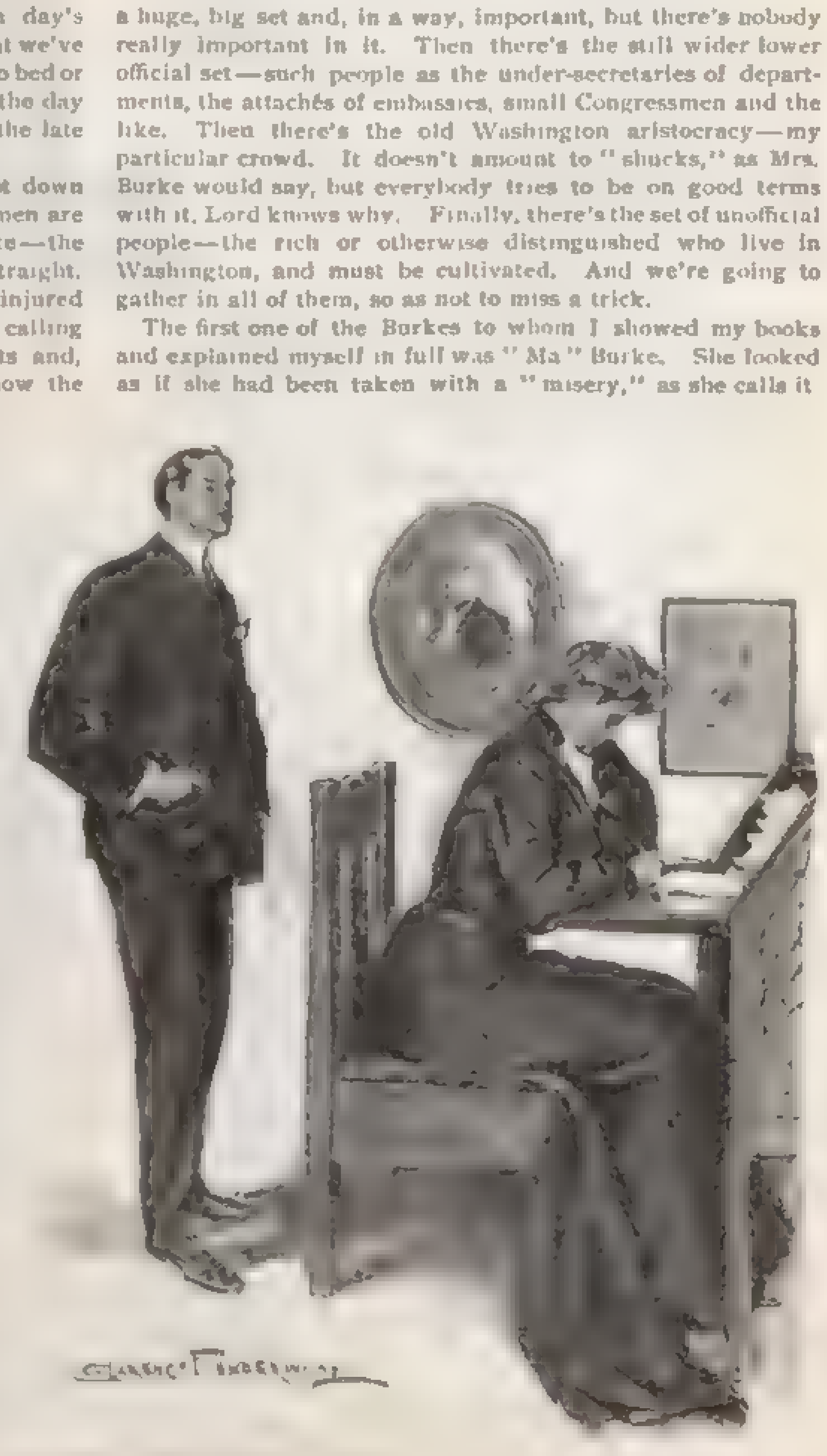
Eighth, there's my Distinguished Stranger Book. I'm going to make that a specialty. I want to try to know whenever anybody who is anybody is here on a visit so that we can get hold of him if possible. The White House can get all that sort of information easily because, of course, the distinguished stranger always gives the President a chance to get at him. *We* shall have to make an effort, but I think we'll succeed.

Ninth—that's my Book for Press Notices. It's empty now, but I think "Pa" Burke will be satisfied long before the season is over.

Quite a library, isn't it? How simple it must be to live in a city like New York or Boston, where one bothers only with the people of one set and has practically no bookkeeping beyond a calling-list. And here it's getting worse and worse each season.

Let me see, how many sets are there? There's the set that can say must to us—the White House and the Cabinet and the embassies. Then there's the set we can say must to—a huge, big set and, in a way, important, but there's nobody really important in it. Then there's the still wider lower official set—such people as the under-secretaries of departments, the attachés of embassies, small Congressmen and the like. Then there's the old Washington aristocracy—my particular crowd. It doesn't amount to "shucks," as Mrs. Burke would say, but everybody tries to be on good terms with it, Lord knows why. Finally, there's the set of unofficial people—the rich or otherwise distinguished who live in Washington, and must be cultivated. And we're going to gather in all of them, so as not to miss a trick.

The first one of the Burkes to whom I showed my books and explained myself in full was "Ma" Burke. She looked as if she had been taken with a "misery," as she calls it



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS TALLTOWERS, FOR WHAT I SAID"

“Goodness me!” she groaned. “Whatever have I got my fool self into?”

I laughed and assured her that it was nothing at all. “I'm only showing you *my* work. All you've got to do is to go through each day's schedule. I'll see to it that you won't even have to bother about what clothes to wear, unless you want to. You'll be perfectly free to enjoy yourself.”

“*Enjoy* myself?” said she. “Why, I'll be on the jump from morning till night.”

“From morning till morning again,” I corrected. “The men sleep in Washington. But the women with social duties have no time for sleep—only for naps.”

“I reckon it'll hardly be worth while to undress for bed,” she said grimly. “I'm going to have the bed taken out of my room. It'd drive me crazy to look at it. Such a good bed, too. I always was a great hand for a good bed. I've often said to pa that you can't put too much value into a bed—and by bed I don't mean headboard and footboard, nor canopy, nor any other fixings. What do you think of my hair?”

I was a bit startled by her sudden change of subject. I waited.

“Don't mind me—speak right out,” she said with her good-natured twinkle. “You might think it wasn't *my* hair, but it is. The color's not, though, as you may be surprised to hear.” The “surprised” was broadly satirical.

“I prefer natural hair,” said I; “and I think gray hair is most becoming. It makes a woman look younger, not older.”

“That's sensible,” said she. “I never did care for bottled hair. I think it looks bad from the set off, and gets worse. The widow Pfizer in our town got so that hers was bright green after she'd bottled it for two years, trying to catch old man Coakley. And after she caught him she bottled his, and it turned out green, too, after a while.”

“Why run such a risk?” said I. “I'm sure your own hair done as your maid can do it would be far more becoming.”

Mrs. Burke was delighted. “I might have known better,” she observed; “but I found Mr. Burke bottling his beard, and he wanted me to; and it seemed to me that somehow bottled hair just fitted right in with all the rest of this foolishness here. How they would rear round at home if they knew what kind of a place Washington is! Why, I hear that up at the White House, when the President leaves the table for a while during meals, all the ladies—women, I mean—his wife and all of them, have to rise and stand till he comes back.”

“Yes,” I replied. “That is the custom. I like ceremony, don't you?”

“No, I can't say that I do,” she drawled. “Out home all the drones and pokes and nobodies are just crazy about getting out in feathers and red plush aprons, and clanking and pawing round, trying to make out they're somebody. And I've always noticed that whenever anybody that is a somebody hankers after that sort of thing it's because he's got a streak of nobody in him. No, I don't like it in Cal Walters out home, and I don't like it in the President.”

“We've got to do as the other capitals do,” said I. “Naturally, as we get more and more ambassadors, and a bigger army, and the President more powerful, we become like the European courts. And the President is simply making a change abruptly that'd have to come gradually anyhow.”

Her eyes began to twinkle. “First thing you know, the country'll turn loose a herd of steers from the prairies in this town, and —— But, long as it's here, I suppose I've got to abide by it. So I'll do whatever you say.”

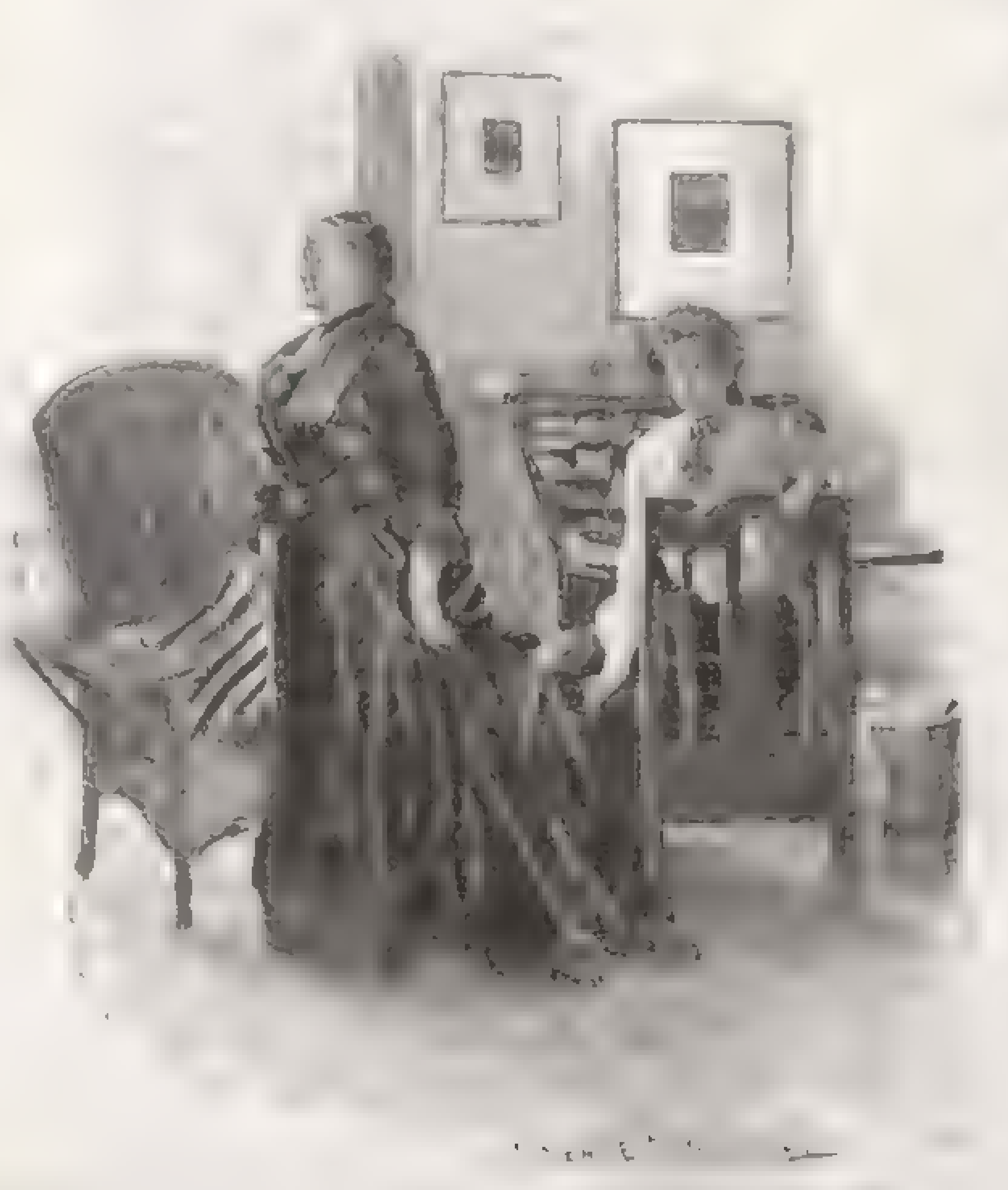
And she's being as good as her word. She makes me tell her exactly what to do. She is so beautifully simple and ladylike in her frank confessions of her ignorance—just as the Queen of England would be if she were to land on the planet Mars and have to learn the ways—the surface ways, I mean. I've no doubt that, outside of a few frills which silly people make a great fuss about, a lady is a lady from one end of the universe to the other.

I'm making the rounds of my friends with Mrs. Burke in this period of waiting for the season to begin. And she sits mum and keeps her eyes moving. She's rapidly picking up the right way to say things—that is, the self-assurance to say things in her own way. I took her among my friends first because I wanted her to realize that I was absolutely right in urging her to naturalness. There are so many in the different sets she'll be brought into contact with who are ludicrously self-conscious. Certainly, there's much truth in what she says about the new order. We Americans don't do the European sort of thing well, and, while the old way wasn't pretty to look at it, it was—it was our own. However, I'm merely a social secretary, dealing with what is and not bothering my head about what ought to be. And as for the Burkes, they're here to take advantage of what is, not to revolutionise things.

Mr. Burke himself was the next member of the family at whom I got a chance with my great plans. When he had got it all out of me he began to pace up and down the floor, pulling at his whiskers, and evidently thinking. Finally he looked at me in a very kindly, sharp way, and, in a voice I recognized at once as the voice of the Thomas Burke who had been able to pile up a fortune and buy into the Senate, said: “I double your salary, Miss Talltowers. And I hope you understand that expense isn't to be considered in carrying out your program. I want you to act just as if this were all for yourself. And if we succeed I think you'll find I'm not ungenerous.” And before I could try to thank him he was out of the room.

The last member was “Bucyrus.” As I knew his parents wished to be alone with him at first I kept out of the way, breakfasting in my rooms, lunching and dining out a great deal. What little I saw of him I didn't like. He ignored me most of the time—and I, for one woman, don't like to be ignored by any man. When he did speak to me it was as they speak to the governess in families where they haven't been used to very much for very long. Perhaps this piqued me a little, but it certainly amused me, and I spoke to him in a humble, deferential way that seemed somehow to make him uneasy.

It was day before yesterday that he came into my office about an hour after luncheon. He tried to look very dignified and superior. “Miss Talltowers,” he said, “I must request you to refrain from calling me ‘sir’ whenever you address me.”



I WAS GLAD WHEN SHE HURRIED AWAY

“I beg your pardon, sir,” I replied meekly, “but I have never addressed you. I hope I know my place and my duty better than that. Oh, no, sir, I have always waited to be spoken to.”

He got a very angry red. “I must request you,” he said, in his most fancy-work-like tone, “not to continue your present manner toward me. Why, the very servants are laughing at me.”

“Oh, sir,” I said earnestly, “I'm sure that's not my fault.” And I didn't spoil it by putting accent on the “that” and the “my.”

He got as pale as he had been red. “Are you trying to make it impossible for us to remain under the same roof?” he demanded. What a spoiled stupid he is!

“I'm sure, sir,” said I—and I think my eyes must have shown what an unpleasant mood his hinted threat had put me in—“that I'm not even succeeding in making it impossible for us to remain in my private office at the same time. Do you understand me, or do you wish me to make my meaning——”

He had given a sort of snort and had rushed from the room.

I suppose I ought to be more charitable toward him. A small person, brought up to regard himself as a sort of god, and able to buy flattery and permitted to act precisely as his humors might suggest—what is to be expected of such a man? No, not man but boy, for he's only twenty-six. *Only* twenty-six! One would think I was forty to hear me talking in that way of twenty-six. But women always seem older than men who are even many years older than they. And how having to earn my own bread has aged me inside! I think Jessie was right when she said in that solemn way of hers, “And although, dear Augusta, they may think you haven't brains enough, I assure you you'll develop them.” Poor, dear Jessie! How she would amuse herself if she could be as she is, and also have a sense of humor.

At any rate, Mr. Bucyrus came striding back after half an hour and, rather surlily but with a certain grudging manliness, said: “I beg your pardon, Miss Talltowers, for what I said. I am ashamed of my having forgotten myself and made that tyrannical speech to you.”

“Thank you, sir,” said I, without raising my eyes. “You are most gracious.”

“And I hope,” he went on, “that you will try to treat me as an equal.”

“It'll be very hard to do that, sir,” said I. And I lifted my eyes and let him see that I was laughing at him.

He shifted uneasily, red and white by turns. “I think you understand me,” he muttered.

“Perfectly,” said I.

He waved his arm impatiently. “Please don't!” he exclaimed, rather imperiously. “I could have got my mother to——”

“I hope you won't complain of me to your mother,” I pleaded.

He flushed and snorted, like a horse that is being teased by a fly it can reach with neither teeth, hoofs nor tail. “You know I didn't mean that. I'm not an utter cad—now, don't say, ‘Aren't you, sir?’”

“I had no intention of doing so,” said I. “In fact, I've been trying to make allowances for you—for your mother's sake. I appreciate that you've been away from civilization for a long time. And I'm sure we shall get on comfortably, once you've got your bearings again.”

He was silent, stood biting his lips and looking out of the window. Presently, when I had resumed my work, he said in an endurable tone and manner: “I hope you will be kind enough to include me in that admirable social scheme of yours. Are those your books?”

I explained them to him as briefly as I could. I had no intention of making myself obnoxious, but, on the other hand, I did not, and do not, purpose to go out of my way to be courteous to this silly of an overgrown, spoiled baby. He tried to be nice in praise of my system, but I got rid of him as soon as I had explained all that my obligations as social secretary to the family required. He thanked me as he was leaving and said, in his most gracious tone, “I shall see that my father raises your salary.”

I fairly gasped at the impudence of this, but before I could collect myself properly to deal with him he was gone. Perhaps it was just as well. I must be careful not to be “sensitive”—that would make me as ridiculous as he is.

And that's the man Jim Lafollette is fairly smoking with jealousy of! He was dining at Rachel's last night, and Rachel put him next me. He couldn't keep off the subject of “that young Burke.” Jessie overheard him after a while and leaned round and said to me, “How do you and young Mr. Burke get on?” in her “strictly private” manner—Jessie's private manner is as private as the Monument.

“Not badly,” I replied, to punish Jim. “We're gradually getting acquainted.”

Jim sneered under his mustache. “It's the most shameful scheme two women ever put up,” he said, as if he were joking.

“Oh, has Jessie told you?” I exclaimed.

“It's the talk of the town,” he answered.

There may be women idiots enough to marry a man who warns them in advance that he's rabidly jealous, but I'm not one of them. Better a crust in quietness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

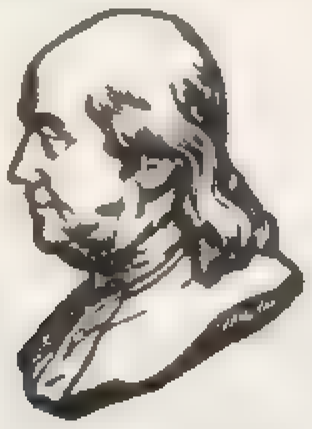
Macaulay's Comment

MACAULAY, despite his vast knowledge of literature and a memory with a viselike retentiveness, rarely quoted. It was a constant struggle to resist the temptation to do so but he felt that he must “resist that devil,” and it flew from him. When he yielded to it, his aptness in sudden quotation was surprising. One evening, in a literary circle in London, Lady Morgan was indulging in some persiflage on serious subjects, immediately after the discussion of a fatal accident arising from the fall of some houses in Tottenham Court Road. While the conversation was going on Macaulay whispered to Lord Carlisle:

> Here falling houses thunder on your head,
> And there a female atheist strikes you dead

—a couplet from Doctor Johnson's London.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Why the Nation Will Endure

WE HAVE met here together on this continent, men and women from all countries and all races. We have builded here a rich and powerful nation in which we all are in a measure partners, for our laws, that show forth the American genius for trade, have made this land rich; while other lands held by other peoples without our genius for trade, living under other laws, have remained poor compared with us. Other peoples have met in other lands at other times in the history of this world, and have also made rich and powerful nations. But when the time came—as it must come in every country's history—when the riches and the power accumulated by the talents of all should be shared in a measure by all, those who would take their share came in wrath to take it and were met by wrath from those who held it. So other nations fell, because they were not righteous. And so every nation must fall if it is not just. But here is a nation that is setting itself the great task of bringing justice to the multitude with no anger in its heart toward them that withhold justice. Here is a nation where men meet greed with fairness, where the people are patient, where the man whom the people honor most is not the soldier with victorious legions, not the demagogue who promises much plunder, not the ruler who would break the bones of wealth to scatter his goods among the poor, but a leader who promises nothing but simple justice to all, and whose life is a bond to the rich that he will protect them in their honest dues and to the poor that he will be fair with them.

Other nations have overrun the earth whose people have made beautiful objects. Others have written laws so honest that there were no men worthy to enforce them, and no people ready to receive them. Other nations have spoken great truths and have lived most wretchedly. All these nations have perished from the earth, because the common people were found weak and wanting. But here is a nation—this America of ours—where the common people are righteous. This nation will cross the line that marked the fall of others. This nation will meet avarice with strength tempered with mercy; will conquer the scorn of the ignorant rich for the ignorant poor with popular learning which shall make both ashamed. And as the years of this century pass, this nation, peacefully and soberly and with humility, will decimate aggrandized wealth and will put the benefits of the civilization which all have builded within the reach of every hard-working, industrious man or woman, reserving the prizes—the higher rewards—for those who have honestly earned them in great social service, and giving them to no one else. And so this nation shall not crumble, and this people shall not be blown away upon the four winds of Heaven.

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

The Respected Poisoners

THERE is more than a sinister suggestion in the fact that it has been, and apparently still is, impossible to get Congress to enact pure food legislation. The adulterator of food is, at his best, a thief, and, at his worst, a poisoner, and at all times a repulsive specimen of callous degenerate. But he has "influence" enough with the machines of both our parties, in the nation and in most of the States, to secure the quiet smothering of laws against him.

This ugly fact has some mitigation. All laws that tend to shield willful ignorance from the consequences of its willfulness tend to retard the spread of enlightenment. And in the present state of the diffusion of scientific knowledge there are few Americans, indeed, who could not, by taking a little trouble, insure the purity of their own supplies of food. The food adulterator, like so many others of our "respectable"—that is, most disreputable—criminals, thrives through the indifference and laziness of the mass of his fellowmen. But criminal carelessness on the part of purchasers does not excuse or lessen the crime of the adulterator or the crime of every legislator who, by failing to demand his punishment, makes of himself an accomplice in the stealthy crimes of this own cousin to the well-poisoner.

Sport and Crime

IN ONE of our States a considerable number of the richest and most conspicuous men—those who call themselves the "leading citizens"—decided that they would not be truly elegant and aristocratic until they had race-tracks to enable them to pose as "patrons of the royal sport." But there can be no race-tracks without the gambling features. Accordingly, they in one way and another "persuaded" the legislature to pass a law that would establish gambling, and would cause the opening of those infamous hell-traps for youth called poolrooms.

To their amazement and anger, however, the Governor vetoed the bill. The men backing it were, most of them, his personal friends; but the Governor declined to carry personal friendship to the length of making himself the joint author of the ruined careers of thousands on thousands of young men. And now the "leading citizens" are privately raising another persuasion-purse—this time for use in secretly defeating their Governor for a renomination.

In our present political condition of popular indifference to the doings of practical politicians, perilous indeed is the lot of the public official who interferes with any of the prerogatives of "aristocracy"—either with its vicious ways of getting money or with its vicious ways of spending it. The mass of people do not want the gambling industry established in their State. Will the persuasion-purse be more potent?

How We Have Grown

OUR national area is now more than five times that of the original thirteen colonies. Since the beginning of the last century there have been thirteen additions: the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, 875,025 square miles; Florida (1819), 70,107; Texas (1845), 389,795; Oregon Territory (1846), 288,689; Mexican Cession (1848), 523,802; Gadsden Purchase (1853), 36,211; Alaska (1867), 599,446; Hawaiian Islands (1897), 6740; Porto Rico (1898), 3600; Pine Islands (1898), 882; Guam (1898), 175; Philippines (1899), 143,068; and Samoan Islands (1899), 73—a grand total of three million square miles of territorial expansion in less than a hundred years. The cost of all this is put on the books at $87,039,768, that being the money directly paid out; but as a matter of fact there were the expenses of several wars, which, if added, would run up the amount many hundreds of millions.

What will the next hundred years show? Practically all Americans think we have enough territory. Many are sorry that we possess the islands that came from Spain. The same feeling existed after Jefferson had accomplished the first expansion, and so pronounced was it that he made this deliverance in his second inaugural address, on the fourth of March, 1805: "I know that the acquisition of Louisiana has been disapproved by some from a candid apprehension that the enlargement of our territory would endanger its union. But who can limit the extent to which the federative principle may operate effectively?

"The larger our association the less will it be shaken by local passions, and, in any view, is it not better that the opposite bank of the Mississippi should be settled by our own brethren and children than by strangers of another family? With which should we be most likely to live in harmony and friendly intercourse?"

Already in the present year our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine has led the National Administration to act as receiver for one of the toy republics of Central America. Europe understands that none of her Powers may touch another acre of American land. In effect Uncle Sam has assumed the rôle of policeman of the Western Hemisphere. Who can tell what a hundred years of this responsibility will develop? Will the federative principle, working along the lines Jefferson suggested, spread our authority over another continent?

It looks like a big lot of trouble, but comparatively it may not be so large as that which followed the work of Jefferson, for the Louisiana Purchase forms less than a third of the increase that has come within the century. In fact, we should be well within our average of the past if we should annex all of South America before the year 2005. We want it even less than our forebears in Jefferson's time wanted the wilderness he bought, but "the wheels of Nature are not made to roll backward."

The Six-Shooter Economist

NEW YORK'S police have recently put an end to the activities of one highly energetic reformer. His plan was to do what he could toward reducing the inequalities in the distribution of wealth by bursting in upon rich householders and, at the pistol's point, obtaining what money and jewelry there was at hand.

The man is said to be perfectly sincere.

Perhaps he is. There is not a little confusion in not a few fairly capable brains nowadays on this same subject. It is true that a great many people have a great deal of wealth to which they are not justly entitled. But it should not be overlooked that, poor as their title to this wealth is, it is yet sound in comparison with the title of any one else to the wealth B has a dollar which does not belong to him. Neither does it belong to A or C or any of the rest of the alphabet, for they have no more earned it than has B. If they force B to give it to them they become thieves unsheltered even by whatever unreal quibbles B may have used to justify himself.

Moral: No one should let himself become so much agitated over the unequal distribution of wealth that he neglects to get a clear title to such small salary or wages as his employer pays him.

Hospitality for Hot Biscuit

A WOMAN who lately went from a small town to live in the city complains bitterly in the press of what she regards as its inhospitality. Not only did none of her new neighbors call on her, but, when she made the advances, in the manner she thought most ingratiating, the advances were scorned.

What she did was to pick out a woman whose looks she particularly liked and on the next baking-day send her a plate of hot biscuits. In the community from which she came this was the most delicate and ingratiating of social advances—not so much a gift of the food of the body as an expression of the desire to receive the food of the heart. But the unfeeling recipient of the hot biscuits sent them back with the message that she could supply her own table. And so the soul of the woman longing for companionship was left forlorn.

This little tragedy—like many a bigger one—was probably the result not so much of heartlessness as of thoughtlessness. In our rural communities every one knows about every one else from the moment he sets foot in town; and as the great social danger is rather too much solitude than too much society, hot biscuits and such pass current as social tender. Every year boys turn up at our colleges who in the innocence of their souls try to make friends by means of little gifts, only to be laughed at for trying to bribe their way. Things are managed differently in the cities; but has any one the right to scorn the gift expectant? For what do most of us bestow hospitality if not for an equivalent—desirable friends, desirable business connections, even such close approximations of hot biscuits as luncheons, teas and dinners?

And yet (let it be said as gently as may be) the woman of the hot biscuits was a bit unreasonable. She chose, be it noted, the most promising of her neighbors as the recipient of the hot biscuits. From Poughkeepsie to Pasadena every city has its Four Hundred, whose acquaintance is very much desired. If they were all to accept tenders of hot biscuit for hospitality the resulting indigestion would rival that of the pie belt.

To put up the bars against an absolute democracy in society is a measure of mere self-preservation.

A Few Million Guardians Wanted

AFTER men and women pass thirty-five—or, rather, after men pass thirty-five and women pass the birthday that should be their thirty-fifth if the feminine mind were good at mathematics—it is interesting to note how much they think and talk about their health. Diet, wet feet, flannel bands, hair tonics, hot-water bags, etc., etc., become a large part of the conversational stock-in-trade. They discuss health, mocking at themselves and mocked by the younger people whose bills for physical indiscretions and insanities have not yet begun to be presented.

Instead of mocking, the young would do well to listen and to heed. If the wildest prodigal flung away his property as recklessly and as stiltly as the ordinary youth throws away his or her health, without attracting any attention whatever, guardians would be appointed at once and strait-jackets would be threatened. The idiotic boy who lights a cigar with a fifty-dollar bill is a savant beside the youth who plays hard at some outdoor game for half an hour and then sits down to "cool off."

Roosevelt's Ranching Days

The Outdoor Training of a President as a Man Among Men

BY A. T. PACKARD

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S first step into ranch life brought one of his most remarkable and most likeable traits of character into sharp relief. That was back in '82, when buffalo still ranged the plains and the young man with hunting blood in his veins naturally determined to have a hand in pioneer American sport. What straw of circumstance turned his steps to the lively little frontier town of Medora, Dakota, I do not chance to remember; but certain it is that the future President one night brought up at the ranch of the Chimney Butte outfit, the location of "Bill" Merrifield and the Ferris "boys." The purpose of his call was to arrange with the Chimney Butte outfit to take him on a buffalo hunt, and he chose wisely. Merrifield is the man who acted as guide in the hunting trips of which Mr. Roosevelt has written

In the course of the evening, after the theme of buffalo hunting had been worn threadbare, the talk somehow turned to ranching. Of course, the boys warmed to this subject right away, for they were practical cattlemen. More than this, they were sound and level-headed business men and had a shrewd realization of the great profits to be made in ranching. As I remember it, the young ranchmen did not know that their visitor was in command of what, in those days, was considered an independent fortune, and that he could draw his check for an amount sufficient to acquire almost any average outfit in that part of the great northern cattle range. But, at any rate, their hearts were in their theme, and they must have talked most convincingly, for Roosevelt listened intently to all that was said, considered their statements carefully, and repeatedly interrupted to ask questions and to offer comments.

Almost the last thing before they turned into their bunks that night Roosevelt asked them how much money would be required to start a ranch in the right shape so that it would have every reasonable chance for success. They told him that the first two or three years would "spoil the looks of $45,000."

"And how much of that sum would be needed in spot cash, at the outset?"

'Ten thousand dollars would start the game all right," responded Merrifield.

With that the subject was dropped until they all lined up at the breakfast-table in the morning. Of course, the boys thought that their guest had probably forgotten all about the brilliant prospects of the ranching business as they had painted them to him the evening before. Buffalo hunting was all they expected him to think of for the remainder of the day. But right there was where he sprung a real Roosevelt surprise on them.

Suddenly looking up from his plate of breakfast bacon, he said: "Boys, I've been thinking about that ranching proposition, and I'll go into it with you. If you are agreed I'll draw my check right now for the $10,000."

The boys were all too much astonished to do more than nod their heads in assent; but that was all that was necessary, for Roosevelt drew his checkbook from his pocket and made his word good without rising from the table.

Then they started out on their buffalo hunt, and I do not doubt that the President now looks back on his ride at the heels of the shaggy herd that day as one of the rarest and most interesting of his experiences as a sportsman

He remained in the Bad Lands only a short time, returning after a few days to take up the strenuous life of civilization as it is lived in New York. If he expected soon to get back to the ranch, as no doubt he did, he was disappointed, for before he could do so the time had arrived for him to complete his investment. This he did by sending his ranch partners a draft for $35,000.

In order to realize how quickly President Roosevelt forms his judgments of men, and how completely he trusts those judgments after he has once formed them, let me emphasize the fact that it required only one evening's conversation with entire strangers to bring him to the determination to place in their hands an investment of $45,000, $10,000 of that amount to be paid on the spot; that he did not ask them for security or even for references — did not even make inquiries about their reliability, connections or resources. He simply put his money on an offhand "size-up" of their character.

This is the way he has always acted in his dealings with men, and it is a matter of record that his average in picking winners is astonishingly high. Whether in politics, in business, in sportsmanship or in society, this method of selecting his associates is thoroughly characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt and is one of the elements which have carried him into the White House and given him a place in the minds of millions of his countrymen as the ideal American. He does not trust men indiscriminately, but intuitively; and in comparatively a small percentage of cases has his confidence been misplaced Then, too, when he does give a man his confidence he gives it as he shakes hands: with a readiness and a heartiness that cannot fail to appeal to every spark of manhood and honor in the person to whom he pledges his faith. As he made no mistake in giving "Bill" Merrifield and the Ferris "boys" so generous a share of his confidence, so the men whom he has selected by the same process and with the same readiness have generally turned out to be most deserving of the trust placed in them.

ROOSEVELT AS A COWBOY

In more than one instance circumstances have shown Roosevelt's judgment of men to have been so shrewd that he has been able to "go further" with them than another would dare to go, discerning in them the streak of honor to be appealed to, and appealing to that trait as straight and as accurately as he can shoot. Very distinctly I recall an incident directly in point.

One day a bunch of us were gathered in the office of the Bad-Lands Cowboy, which I edited and published, in addition to running a stage line to the Black Hills and doing a few other "stunts" for pleasure and profit. There were only two public places in Medora which were not "booze joints." Probably for this reason Roosevelt had a habit of dropping into one of them, the office of the Cowboy, and chatting with the men who liked to smell printers' ink and feel civilized; and the very fact that Roosevelt frequented the sanctum was a guaranty that the place was never lonesome, for he was immensely popular with the best element there. Occasionally, however, some representatives of the wilder sort in the cow-country strayed into the Bad-Lands corral, and, on the occasion to which I refer, one of the real "bad men" of the region looked in on us and enlivened the session with a great deal of language that hadn't been washed or sheared.

There was a little lull after Jim's loquacity had run its length. Just then I happened to be watching Roosevelt and wondering about how much he would stand for in this line. He knew, as well as any man in the room, that Jim was the real thing when it came to badness, and that it would take very little provocation to start him on a stampede that would result in his "shooting up the town" according to approved "bad man" standards.

Suddenly Roosevelt began to "skin his teeth." Looking Jim straight in the eye, and speaking in a low, quiet voice, he said:

"Jim, I like you; but you are the nastiest talking man I ever listened to."

More than one man in that room caught his breath at these words, and instantly every eye there turned to Jim's hand to see if it were going to move in the direction of his Colt's. But the hand did not move, and something like an honest blush of shame flushed Jim's cheek. He dropped his chin a little, looked sheepish, and then said

"I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt, and I'm not beholden to you for anything. All the same, I don't mind sayin' that mebbe I have been a little too free with my talk."

That was the first and last time I ever heard a "sure 'nough bad man" of the old cattle days offer an apology, and I do not hesitate to say that if any other man save Theodore Roosevelt had made the remark which called out Jim's apology he might have been shot on the spot. So long as Roosevelt continued to visit Medora Jim was one of his most loyal friends.

Associated with the "print shop" of the Bad-Lands Cowboy is another incident that gave me light on a big trait of Roosevelt's character which every politician of the country has since learned to respect, if not to fear. It was a cold night, and the old cannon stove in the Cowboy office was fed lignite until it was red and showed sparks on the outside. Three minutes from the time the through train from the East arrived, Roosevelt blew into the office and shook hands with the boys all around, for he had been away for some time and had just left the Republican National Convention — probably the first one he ever attended in the capacity of delegate.

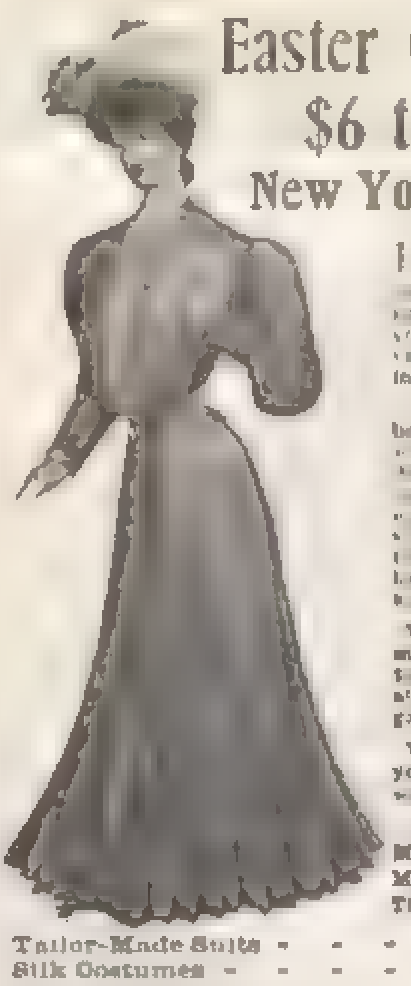
Half a dozen voices asked him to tell what had happened at the "big Republican round-up." This started him off on the jump, and he gave us such a swinging description of the stirring scenes of the convention that the eyes of the boys were fairly popping out of their heads. But it was when he reached his description of how Roscoe Conkling had attempted to dominate the situation and override the wishes of a large portion of the New York delegation that the fire really began to flash in his eyes. I shall never forget how he looked as he finished his recital of the Conkling episode with the sentence:

"By Godfrey! *I will not be dictated to!*"

The snap of his jaw and the expression of his face at that instant made an impression upon me as vivid today as it was then. It told the whole story so far as Roosevelt's disposition is concerned. He cannot be driven, and the man who goes after him rough-shod will always get up against a stone wall of determination and obstinacy, while, on the other hand, there is not a man in the country more open to conviction when approached in a fair and friendly way than is Theodore Roosevelt — and this was as apparent in his ranching days as it is now!

I can go still further and say that Roosevelt will accept the word of a man who has his confidence almost in the face of the evidences of his own senses. A curious circumstance in his life at his Elkhorn ranch illustrates this trait admirably

ROOSEVELT THE HUNTER



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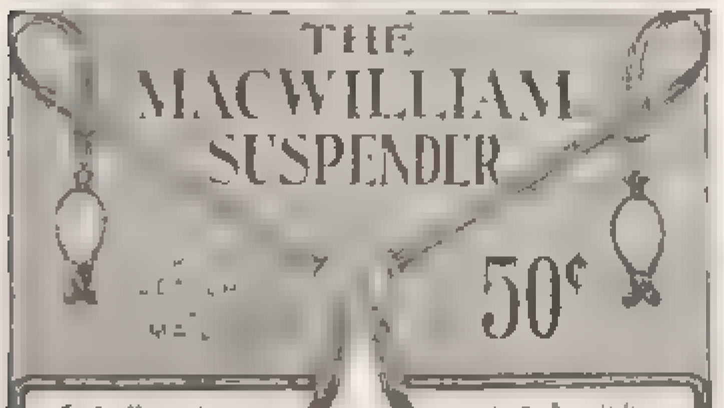

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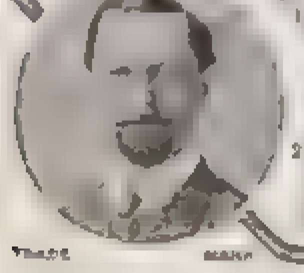

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A little distance from the ranch house was a big butte about 400 feet high, the top of which was covered, in season, with a good crop of hay. This elevated field was known on the ranch as the hay plateau. The eastern face of this butte was almost perpendicular; it was only by a zigzag trail up the west side, like a railroad switchback, that a wagon could be driven to the top—and it took a stage-driver to get a load of hay down the easiest way without spilling.

One day, when the hay on the plateau was ready to be hauled in, Roosevelt told "Old Man" Thompson to take the wagon and go out and bring it in. By the time the team had reached the plateau Roosevelt appeared there, riding his favorite cow pony, looked the field over and watched the men as they put on the load.

Then he wheeled about and rode in a leisurely way back to the ranch buildings. He had not been there five minutes when the load of hay was driven by. He started as if a gun had been fired behind him. In his quick way he snapped out the question:

"How did you get back here so quick? I haven't been here more than three minutes myself, and I rode straight along without stopping."

There was not the faintest flicker of a smile on "Old Man" Thompson's face as he answered

"I just came right along, too, sir."

"Is that the same identical load of hay that was on the wagon, just now, up on top of the butte?"

"The same," quietly answered the old man. "Just drove it down from the top myself."

"All right," answered Roosevelt; "I know that you are on the square and tell the truth, and I accept your word for it—although, for the life of me, I can't understand *how* it could have been done. If you don't mind I'd like to have you tell me."

"You see," replied Thompson, "I just concluded that we'd always wasted a lot of time zigzagging down the regular trail on the west side of the butte, so I figured out a way to come down quicker. I took along a lot of chains, and after drivin' the team right up to the east edge of the plateau I locked the four wheels tight, and then just kind o' bound the fellies with chains the way the kids at school bind the red flannel on to the edge of their slates. Then I started up the team and came down the east face of the butte."

"Why, man," exclaimed Roosevelt, "you must simply have dropped right over the edge!"

"No," drawled the old stage-driver, "not so bad as that, but it *was jest a little sidlin'*."

At this Roosevelt's laugh rang out strong and clear, and turning to me he said: "Let's go out and look at the track that wagon made down the face of the butte—not that I doubt Thompson's word, for I do not—but just because I want to see how steep the eastern face of that butte really is."

When we reached the east side of the butte and looked at its face, Roosevelt rocked in his saddle and laughed as he only can laugh. The chain-bound wheels of that wagon had plowed the face of the sandy butte with furrows almost deep enough for a man to hide in. They told the story of how the wagon with its load could have made the descent. I could not ride my pony up the east face of that butte, for I tried it!

In the first year of Roosevelt's residence in the Bad-Lands, the people of Medora were given a demonstration of his determination that will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. Among the assets of the Chimney Butte outfit was a big bay bronco appropriately named The Devil. And right here it should be said that a bronco is not, generally speaking, a pony, but a good-sized horse, being a cross between the Western mustang and the fully developed horse of the civilized East. The Devil was what is technically known as a "spoiled horse"—one that succeeded in throwing those who attempted to break it and, early in the game, acquired the knowledge that it was great sport to buck a rider out of the saddle.

From the first time Roosevelt came to the ranch and began to mix up with the horses he held out the theory that a spoiled or bucking bronco could be "gentled" by kindness. As The Devil was the ugliest brute in all that section, Roosevelt picked him as the best subject by which to prove his theory. While the rest of us admitted that probably he could "gentle" The Devil by kindness in the course of time, we believed that at least seventy-five years would be required to accomplish that purpose. But Roosevelt insisted that we were wrong and began to put The Devil through a systematic course of kindness. I confess that when he one day called me out to the horses and showed me that he could walk straight up to The Devil and put his hand on him I began to think that perhaps he might prove his theory after all. But the real show-down came one day when the horses were being tried out for the approaching round-up, and Bill Merrifield suggested that it would be a good chance for Roosevelt to show us how lamblike The Devil would act under saddle

"All right," answered Roosevelt; "I'll do it."

At that he picked up a saddle, went up to the brute, and finally managed to get it on him. Then he mounted at a jump, but had no more than touched the leather when The Devil humped himself, drew his hoofs together, and came down like an antelope fighting a rattlesnake. Then he limbered up into a few fancy curves and landed his rider on the ground a rod or two in front of him.

Roosevelt did not stay there, however, but sprang to his feet, whirled around, and made a rush for his mount. That was more grit than the best of us would have shown, and when The Devil once more began to cavort and put himself through all the fiendish calisthenics that he had acquired in a long and wicked lifetime, we simply stood up and shouted: "Stick to the leather! Stay with the brute!"

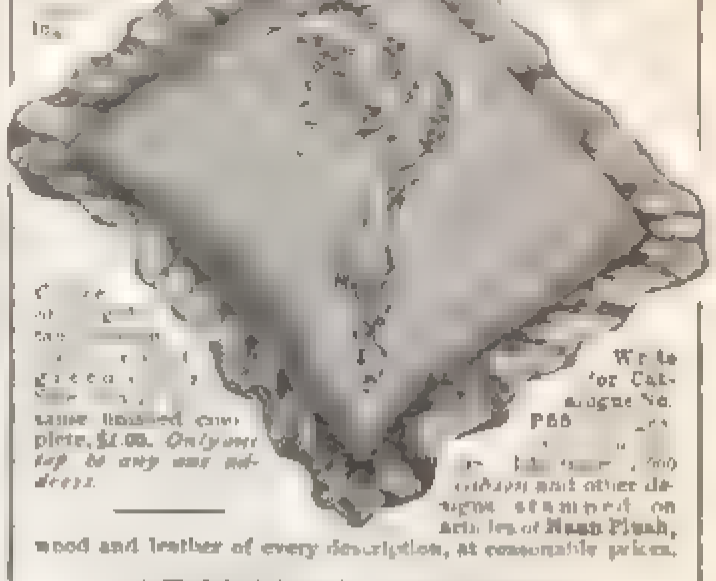
About every other jump we could see twelve acres of bottom land between Roosevelt and the saddle, but now the rider stayed with the animal a little longer than before. Four times that beast threw him, but the fifth time Roosevelt manœuvred him into a stretch of quicksand in the Little Missouri River. This piece of strategy saved the day, made Roosevelt a winner, and broke the record of The Devil, for if there is any basis of operations fatal to fancy bucking it is quicksand. After a while the future President turned the bronco around, brought him out on dry land, and rode him until he was as meek as a rabbit.

After that experience Mr. Roosevelt repeatedly rode The Devil, and his reputation for grit and determination was so well established in that country that it was often said that he "owned the Bad-Lands after his turn with The Devil."

There was one occurrence connected with those old ranching days which I look back upon with a considerable degree of satisfaction, if not of pride. On July 4, 1884, Mr. Roosevelt was the orator of the day at Dickinson, in North Dakota. A bunch of the boys went over with him from Medora to give him moral support, and incidentally to play a game of baseball with the Dickinson team. From the moment Roosevelt was introduced to his audience until he spoke the final word of his address he dealt out patriotism straight from the shoulder and put before the people those high but practical ideals in politics and statesmanship to which the public has since given the name of "Rooseveltism."

When he took his seat I said to him that gradually, beginning early in our acquaintance, the conviction had grown upon me that sooner or later he would be elected President of the United States. He did not receive this declaration of my faith in his high political future either flippantly or with especial seriousness, but turned the conversation to another topic as soon as he could well do so; yet my conviction of Theodore Roosevelt's great career was at that moment positive and profound, nor has it wavered at any time in any of the years leading up to his nomination by the latest Republican Convention and his election to the Presidency by the greatest popular majority ever received by a Chief Executive of this country. It is pleasant to realize, however, that I placed this opinion on record twenty years ago.

In the biographies of President Roosevelt mention is seldom made of the fact that he once held office in Montana. At the time of which I speak he was the only regularly constituted representative of the law in that entire region. His office was that of Deputy United States Marshal. About the same time the better class of citizens in that locality determined to rid the community of a gang of toughs and desperadoes and to supplant old-fashioned "gun law" with rule by citizens' committee. It fell to my lot to serve as chief of police, and the one agreeable thing in connection with it was the cooperation and support of ranchman and Deputy United States Marshal Roosevelt. Every man who knew him in his cowboy days is proud of the fact. Theodore Roosevelt "owns the cow country," and will continue to do so until the range is only a recollection!



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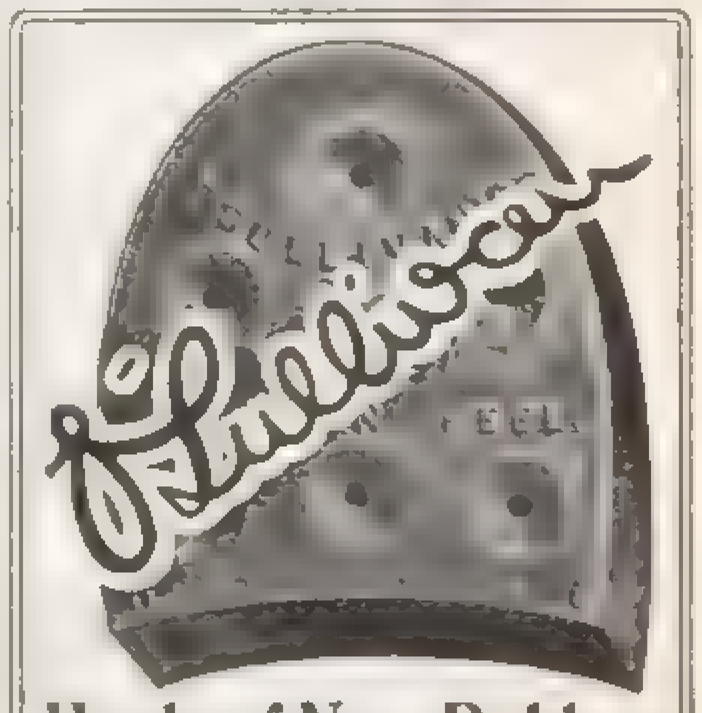

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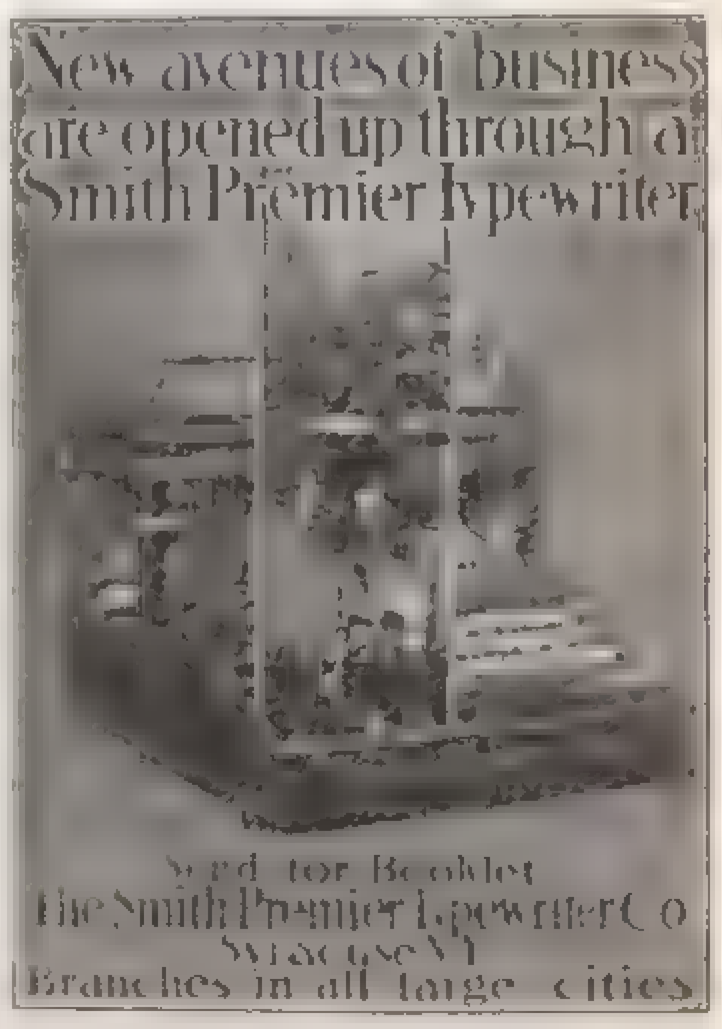

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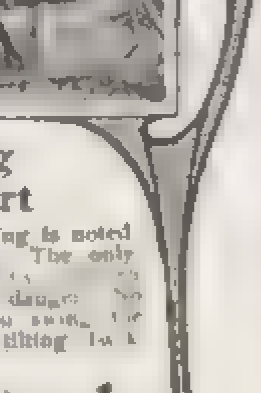

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The Vanishing Crab

And How the Government Intends to Protect Him from His Enemies

BY RENÉ BACHE

THE attention of the United States Fish Commission has been directed recently to the problem of propagating artificially the common "blue," or edible, crab—an enterprise which may have to be undertaken before long, owing to the wholesale destruction of the species in the Chesapeake region, whence the supply is chiefly derived.

This crab, which, barring only the lobster, is the most valuable of our crustaceans, has hitherto inhabited Chesapeake Bay and adjacent waters in such countless numbers as seemingly to defy the efforts of fishermen to reduce its multitudes to any serious extent. Even at the present time it is an exceedingly numerous species. But it happens that, owing to some mysterious reason, the animals do not breed over most of the area which they occupy in the region aforesaid—a fact made evident by the circumstance that egg-bearing females are found only in the lower bay.

Now, it seems probable that the density of the water has something to do with the matter; but, whether this surmise be correct or not, it is certain that egg-bearing females are not commonly found in the upper bay, and that a great majority of the crabs captured in the lower bay carry spawn. Unfortunately, it is from the lower bay that the crab supply is chiefly obtained, and on the shores of that part of the Chesapeake are situated the huge "factories" and "crab farms" which draw from the near-by waters untold myriads of these crustaceans annually.

Government experts who have investigated the subject report that one great cannery utilizes some hundreds of millions of crabs from the Chesapeake each twelvemonth—nearly all of them egg-bearing females. It is obvious that, however prolific the animal, the effect of such a merciless onslaught upon its species cannot fail to become manifest within a few years. Indeed, it has already become very noticeable, the crabs in the lower Chesapeake being so far reduced in numbers that fishermen and dealers are taking alarm. Soft crabs, in particular, are growing much scarcer, so that shippers are sending to market many under-sized ones—some of them no bigger than a silver dollar.

There is no other water-space of equal area in the world that produces so much food for mankind as the Chesapeake, and, if oysters be excepted, crabs are its most important crop. During the last few years the crabbing business in that region has undergone enormous expansion. Not only are vast numbers of crabs, both "soft-shell" and "hard-backs," sent alive to distant points, but the "meats" are put up in bulk for shipment to all parts of the country, and millions on millions of the animals are utilized by canners. Thanks to the canners, a much-appreciated delicacy has been made known to hundreds of thousands of people who never beheld a living crab.

It is not surprising that in such circumstances the visible supply should show signs of diminution. Throughout the interior of the country a valuable food animal, known until recently to the seacoast population only, is now a familiar commercial article—as easily obtained in Chicago or Kansas City as in New York or Baltimore. Furthermore, fashion has brought it into favor as a substitute for the fast-vanishing lobster, and it appears in various chafing-dish preparations at the clubs and restaurants everywhere. Live crabs from the Chesapeake may be purchased many hundreds of miles away from their home waters, and, when they are not to be had, the canned "meat" is equally satisfactory for salads and for "deviling."

So wonderful is the fecundity of the species that possibly there would be no cause for apprehension if it were not for the fact that the breeding females have to suffer by a special, though accidental, discrimination against them as a sex. As it is, the crab is undeniably going, and the Government is trying to find out what may be done in the way of artificial propagation. What seems to be needed immediately is a rigidly-enforced law prohibiting the capture and shipment of female crabs from the Chesapeake during a fixed term in each year. If that does not suffice the final resort must be the hatching-jar and wholesale distribution of incubator-bred "fry."

The experts of the Fish Commission are confident that there would be no difficulty in hatching uncounted numbers of crabs by the artificial process. There would certainly be no such trouble as occurs in the case of the lobster, where egg-bearing females are hard to obtain. To get all the spawn-carrying crabs that might be wanted would be an easy matter, and there is the further fact to be taken into consideration that the species is far more prolific than the lobster. An average mother lobster produces only about 10,000 eggs in a batch, whereas the maternal crab lays something like 2,500,000. A lobster egg is one-fifteenth of an inch in diameter; the egg of a crab is less in size than the finest dust-shot used by naturalists for killing humming-birds.

This bountiful provision of Nature is due to the fact that, under ordinary conditions, newly-hatched crabs are exposed to many dangers. They are, at this stage of their existence, free-swimmers, resembling tiny shrimps, and fishes and other creatures devour them by regiments. If, on a calm evening in summer, you will dip up a tumblerful of water from the surface of any tidal river or estuary along the Atlantic Coast of the United States, you will be likely to find, floating about in the fluid, some of these infant crustaceans, which, when viewed under the microscope, present a very remarkable appearance. They do not look like crabs at all, but have the aspect of strange monsters, with huge eyes, a long beak, and four swimming feet which later are transformed into mouth parts. It is a marvelous series of metamorphoses through which this interesting crustacean goes in the process of attaining its adult form.

Should the Fish Commission engage in the business of hatching crabs, its agents would capture the requisite egg-bearing females in the lower Chesapeake, selecting by preference the largest specimens obtainable, and would gently detach from them the spawn with the help of blunt wooden knives. The work would be done, of course, at the season when the eggs were likely to be found in a "ripe" condition. As soon as removed they would be put into glass hatching jars of the ordinary pattern, such as are used in incubating shad eggs. Inasmuch as such a jar holds about a gallon, it would accommodate a good many millions of the ova.

A hatching-jar of the kind described is provided with an arrangement of siphons, by which a current of water is kept continually flowing through the receptacle. The eggs—far less in size, by the way, than any with which the Fish Commission has hitherto dealt—require about a week for their incubation, at the end of which time the baby crabs would begin to make their appearance, floating to the surface of the water, while the shells, being heavier, sank to the bottom. It is quite a beautiful process, curiously suggesting a likeness to the popping of corn, when a batch of shad or lobster eggs begins to hatch out, the new-born infants passing upward and out of the jar by a glass tube, through which they are conveyed by the current of water into an aquarium tank beyond.

The bulk of the supply of crabs derived from the Chesapeake is taken by dredges and "trot-lines." The dredge, which is a net with its mouth held open by a strong rim of iron, is dragged along the bottom, being hauled up at intervals to dump its contents into the fisherman's boat. The trot-line is supported at intervals by a series of floats, with baits of tripe held dangling every yard or so, and the crab-catcher goes along it from one end to another, detaching and scooping in the clinging crabs with his dip-net. The soft crabs, as well as those which are getting ready to molt, are picked out and sold to the dealers who make a specialty of that branch of the business, while the "hard-backs" go to other buyers, who pack them in barrels, covered with sacking, and forward them to market.

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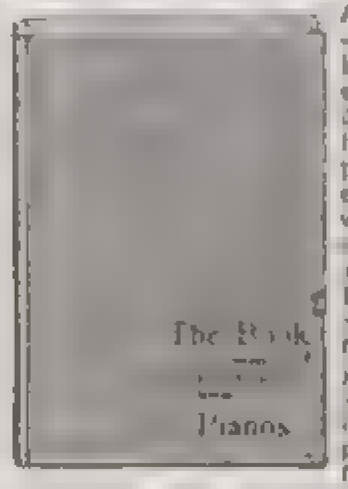

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The Reading Table

Smartweed and Ticklegrass

By Nixon Waterman

An Obvious Conclusion

The dress reformers tell us that, as long as women wear
The awful, dreadful, dragging skirts, they can't get anywhere
On scheduled time; but any one with half an ounce of brains
Knows that, were they to cut them off, they still would miss their trains

Political Geography

Till woman has a voice, we fear,
In all the ballot-box controls,
It cannot be denied her sphere
Is slightly flattened at the polls.

From Sire to Son

They told me that the baby had his mother's eyes and nose;
I saw they were mistaken, for she still kept all of those.
But when I saw his sire's bald pate, a smooth and polished glare,
I might have believed them had they said he had his father's hair

He Isn't Cent-imental

The street-car conductor, though tenderly human,
Is happy to meet with a penniless woman —
A "fare" with a small, compact nickel to proffer
Instead of the pennies so many will offer

A Lucid Explanation

"Yes, circumstances over which I've no control," said she,
"Compel me to reject your suit." "What are they, pray?" asked he
"Well, since I must," she answered, "I shall have to say they're your
Financial circumstances. I can't love a man who's poor."

The Practical Poet

"Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread"—
Give me more bread for my poetic pains,
And less contention over my remains.

No White Chips

"PROTESTANT Episcopal Bishop Talbot delivered the most eloquent sermon I have ever listened to in all of my life," said Senator Clarence D. Clark, of Wyoming, a short time ago. "It was at Green River, in my State, and quite a number of years ago I was staying there for a short time, and it was then a lonesome place for visitors. There was nothing of an entertaining nature going on or to be going on, so I went, with two other sojourners, to visit Joe Payne's gambling-house

"You gentlemen know that I never gamble, and I was merely looking for amusement," continued the Senator. He was talking to Comptroller Tracewell, of the Treasury, Congressman Dovener, of West Virginia, and a few others. "But not only every man in politics but every man in Wyoming knew Joe Payne. He was what we call 'a Bret Harte gambler.' That is to say, there never was a dishonest card turned in his house, to his knowledge. He prided himself on giving everybody 'a square deal.'

"We had not been there very long before Joe Payne stopped all business by saying 'All gentlemen will cash in. The house will be closed immediately.' There were protests from all parts of the place, but Payne, who was dealing faro, said: 'You will all cash in, or lose your money. The house will close for an hour and a half. We are all going to hear Bishop Talbot preach.'

"That settled it, and everybody playing cashed in. I was not playing, but I joined in the procession, and we all went to the little church. I sat with the men with whom I had been associating, and we made a big addition to the congregation

"Bishop Talbot preached about the Prodigal Son. He made some home-thrusts there which struck the entire congregation; and he

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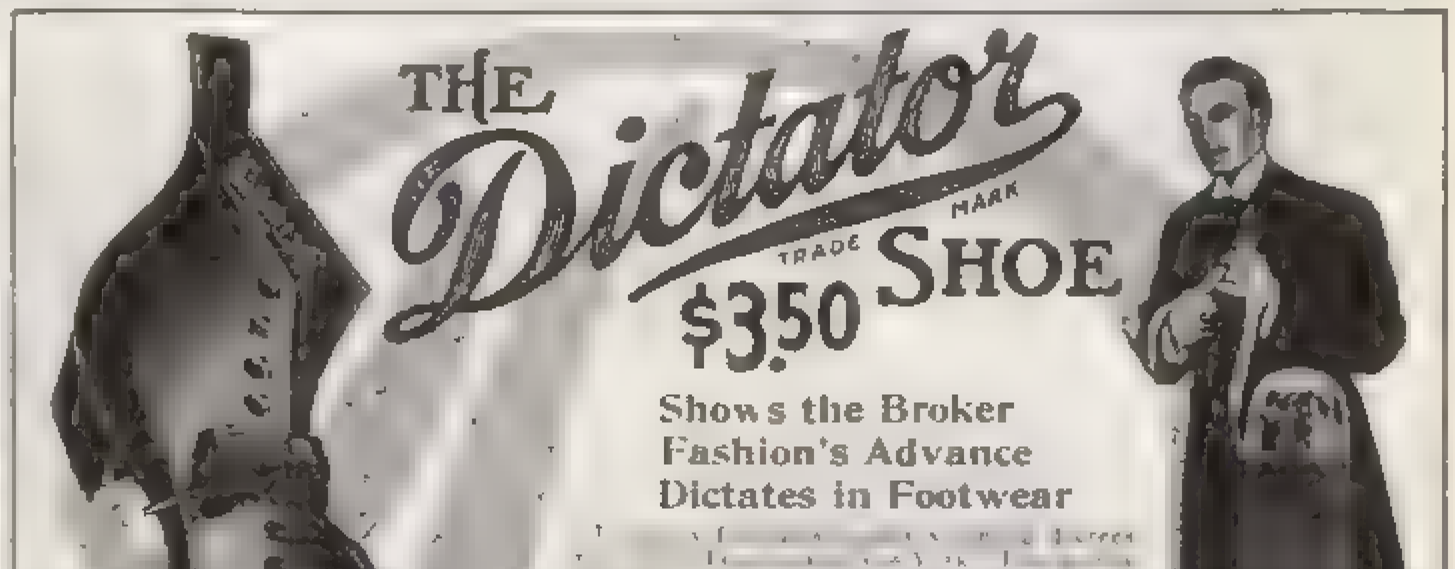
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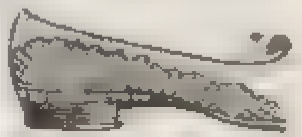
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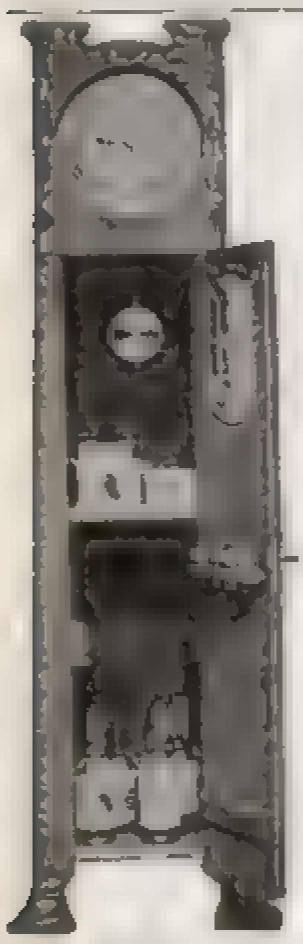

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"When the time came for taking a collection Joe Payne went up front, took one of the plates and passed it down the middle aisle. I don't know what he did elsewhere but when he came to our aisle he passed the plate to the man at the end of the aisle, and he put in half a dollar. He was a man of high standing in the State, and is now a member of the Supreme Court of Wyoming. Payne looked at him, and said in a whisper which could have been heard for a mile or more: 'White chips don't go here!'

"The half dollar was taken back, and a silver dollar was put in the plate. All of us put in dollars, and some of us put in more. Then, after the benediction, we all went back to Joe Payne's place, and the games were resumed."

His Only Danger

SENATOR Joe C. S. Blackburn has a record of indefatigable service in the Confederate Army. He never shirked a duty and is properly proud of that fact; but once some of his friends tried to shirk a duty for him

In 1863, while Blackburn was a captain wearing a Confederate uniform, he was ordered to the Red River Bottoms, and all of his friends objected to that destination for popular "Young Joe," as he was then called

One old friend of the family, who had known Joe Blackburn from his babyhood, rushed off after Doctor — afterward Governor — Blackburn, Joe's elder brother, and urged him to use his influence to have the order rescinded.

"What for?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, Doc., haven't you heard how the yaller fever's a ragin' down there?"

"Oh, well, Yellow Jack won't hurt Joe."

The family friend then became diplomatic, and, instead of arguing any more about the yellow fever, he said: "But, Doc., there's the swamp fever carryin' off our Johnnies like flies. A man wakes up well in the morning and is dead by noon. It would be a downright shame to expose Joe to such danger."

But Doctor Blackburn still shook his head and said: "I will not interfere with Joe's orders on any such trivial grounds."

"Trivial grounds!" shouted the angry friend. "Do you call absolutely fatal diseases 'trivial grounds'?"

"Fatal diseases," sneered Doctor Blackburn. "You ought to know as well as I do, man, that no disease could possibly prove fatal to Joe Blackburn, except lockjaw."

Jostling Mr. Stedman

AT THE last Ladies' Day at the Players there was an unparalleled crush, and, in the journey to the tea-table, Mr. E. C. Stedman found himself firmly wedged in the crowd, and pushed forward with great determination by some person or persons unknown. He managed finally to turn his head so that he had a glimpse of a smart tailor gown and a bright-winged hat just behind him. When he reached an open space he turned to the young woman breathlessly

"My dear," he said, "I don't know who you are, but you are certainly irresistible!"

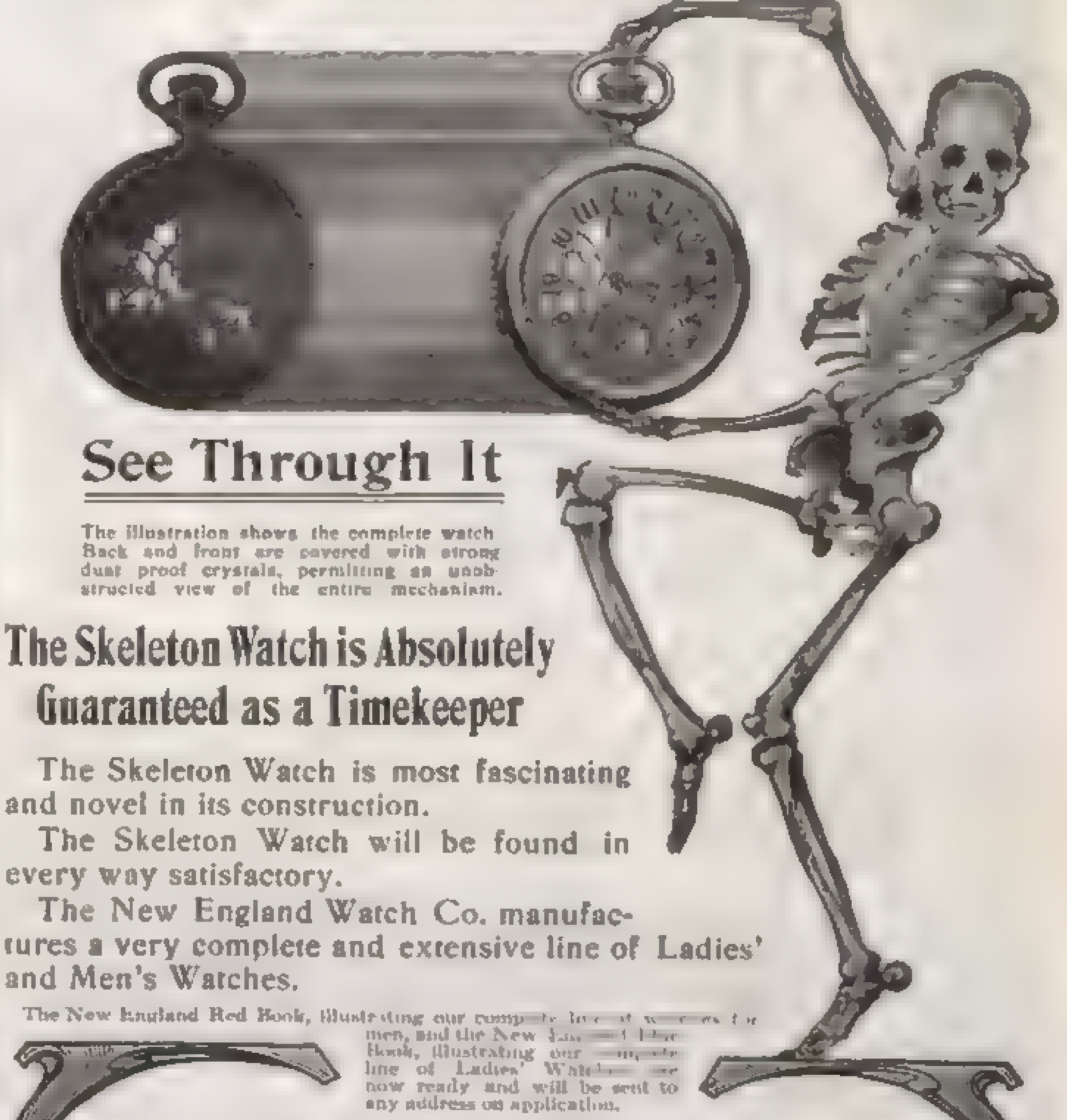
The young woman joined in the laugh of those who stood near

"I am Eleanor Robson," she said.

A Deep Gust of the World

IT SEEMS difficult to believe what appears, nevertheless, to be a well-established fact, that the cold, bleak State of Maine has produced a centenarian whose thread of life was spun out to a greater length, with one exception, than that of any other in the United States. This man was John Gilley, of West Augusta, Maine, who died in 1842 at the age of one hundred and twenty-four. He was a native of Maine, of Irish extraction. His hair, which had been pure silver white, turned black a short time before he died. His teeth, till shortly before his decease, were perfectly sound. His remarkable longevity attracted many visitors to his residence, among whom were Doctor Harris, of Harvard College, and ex-Governor Gore, of Massachusetts, who gave him a purse containing a dollar for every year of his life. If, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "a man may have in seventy or eighty years a deep gust of the world, and know what it is, what it can afford, and what it is to have been a man," what shall we say of this veteran, who drank from "life's enchanted cup" for half a century more?

New England Skeleton Watch



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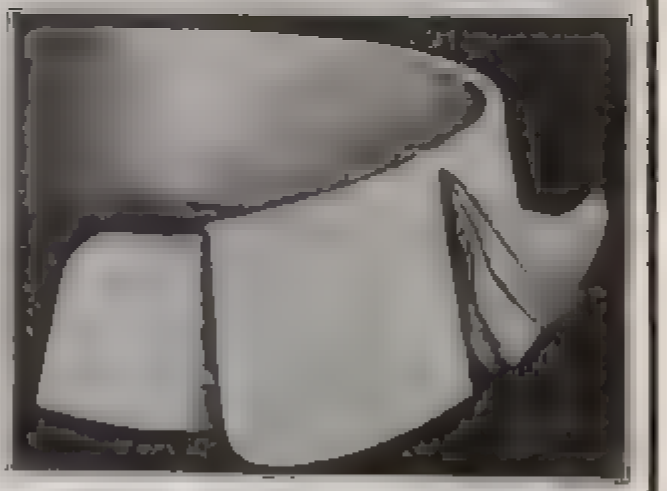

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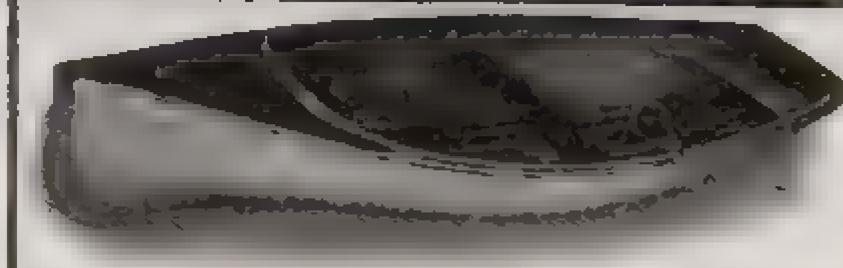

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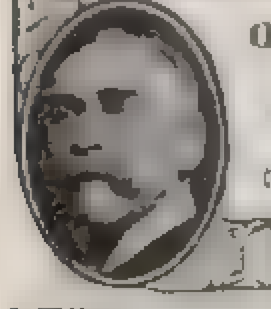

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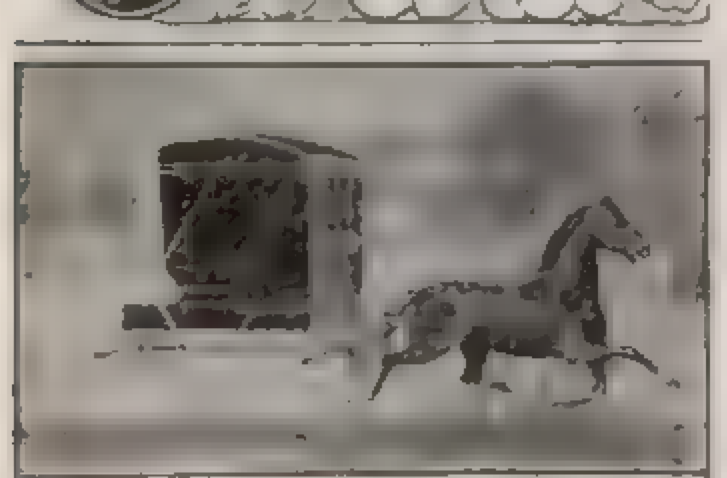

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¶ Even in our fairly prosperous years, there are 10,000,000 persons living in poverty in the United States of America. Of that number 4,000,000 are public paupers and over 2,000,000 are without employment of any sort from four to six months of the twelve. More than 1,700,000 small children have to work when they ought to be at school, and 5,000,000 women are employed, mostly in mills and factories. Every year 1,000,000 persons, entirely dependent upon their physical fitness for their own and their families' existence, are killed or injured in the pursuit of underpaid vocations and a number far more appalling die of diseases which would be easily preventable if the victims were living healthy lives in sanitary surroundings.

That, in the fewest possible words, is the condition of affairs which Robert Hunter has discovered and set forth in his remarkable book on Poverty *(The Macmillan Company)*. Speaking with the authority bred of long experience and wide, he goes even further. He declares, in short, that "however merciful and kind and valuable the works of the charitable and the efforts of those who would raise up again the pauper and the vagrant, they are not remedial. In so far as the work of the charitable is devoted to reclamation and not to prevention, it is a failure. . . . The all-necessary work to be done is not so much to reclaim a class which social forces are ever active in producing as it is to battle with the social or economic forces which are continuously producing recruits to that class."

How is this to be accomplished? In the cataloguing of the evil conditions is found Mr. Hunter's remedy. The people of whom he writes, the unskilled workers, toil the longest hours for the smallest pay amid the severest competition; their tasks are irregular and onerous; their dwelling-places at once the most unsanitary and the highest priced. Food and fuel they pay more for than their richer brothers, than whom their health is poorer and their death-rate higher. They cannot save a penny against old age or the equally inevitable rainy day, and their children, brought up in such surroundings, go early either to the sweatshop, the grave, the street or the jail.

Obviously, sweeping legislation is the only remedy—legislation which shall "enforce upon the entire country certain minimum standards of working and living conditions." Selfishness and cupidity on the part of capitalists and landowners must be disregarded; all tenements and factories must be made sanitary; working hours must be regulated and dangerous trades so thoroughly supervised that unnecessary disease and death will be no longer a factor in labor statistics. Child-labor must be done away with entirely, and labor as a whole "pay the necessary and legitimate cost of producing and maintaining efficient laborers." Recreational and educational institutions should replace "the social and educational losses of the home and the domestic workshop"; compensation should be made for illness, old age and seasons of enforced idleness, and, lastly, "the power of the employer and the shipowner to stimulate for purely selfish ends an excessive immigration and . . . beat down wages and increase unemployment" should be checked summarily and at once. In two words, the law should so protect the unskilled workman as to increase incentive by equalizing opportunity.

Thus much for Mr. Hunter's exposition. As for its effect on the actual conditions described, the most that can be hoped is that it will enlist a few more advocates for a revolution which, like all great social changes, can come only as a slowly-maturing oak in the forest of Time.

¶ **MINOR MENTION: Swedish Life in Town and Country**, by O. G. von Heidenstam, is another volume in Our European Neighbors series *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*, and planned upon the same lines as its fellows. There is the usual general description of the land and its people, the government, the schools, literature, art, industries and pastimes. A certain formalism is, of course, inevitable in such a series, but Mr. von Heidenstam has overcome both that and the difficulty of a too intimate acquaintance with his subject.

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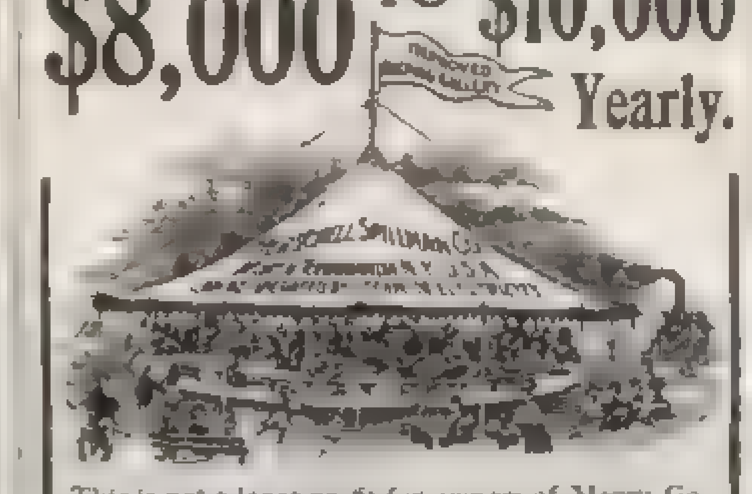

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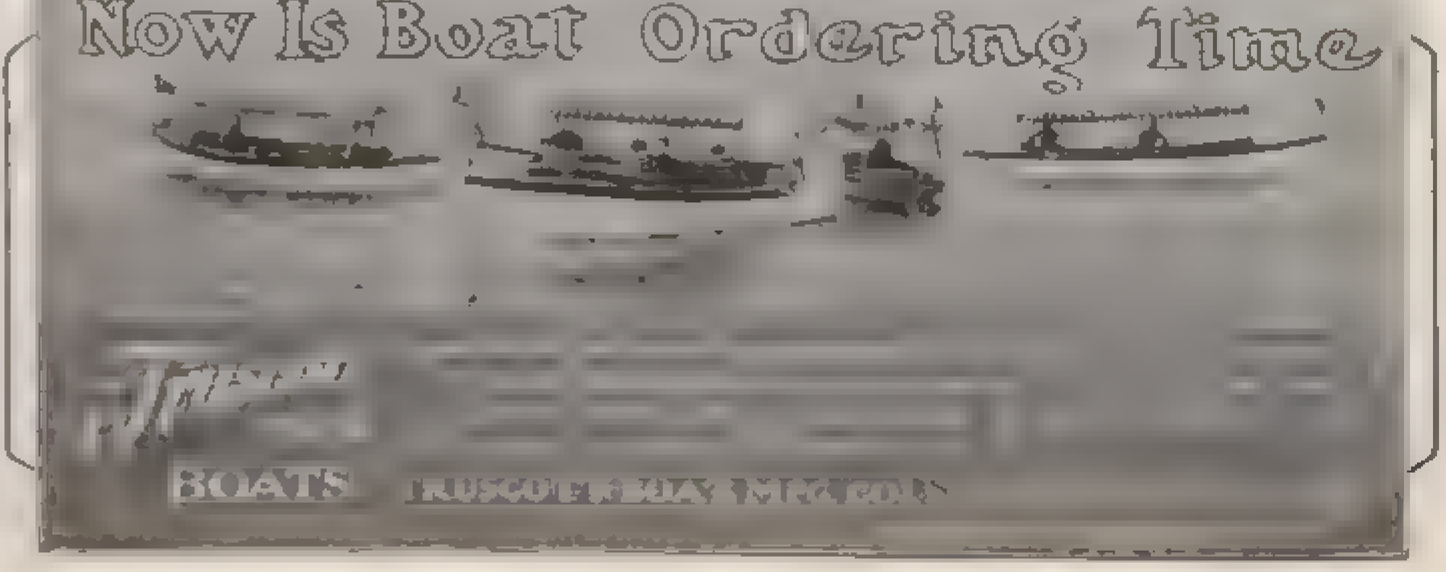

Now Is Boat Ordering Time

BOATS [illegible]

Fair Railroad Regulation

(Continued from Page 7)

number of men to handle the great increase in the volume of the traffic

No student of the railway problem can fail to comprehend the deep significance of the power which unrestricted control of transportation enables railways to exert upon the industrial and commercial life of the people of every State in the Union

The railroads are not only able to maintain their present high rates, but can at their pleasure continue to advance them until the charge is as high as the traffic will bear Unless controlled, this is what they will do It is but little more than two months since the Interstate Commerce Commission was called to Chicago to hear the protests of shippers against having forced upon them, under cover of a uniform bill of lading, an increase in freight rates which would have amounted to more than a quarter of a million dollars at one stroke. There is now no competition to restrict railroads in any degree Consolidation has completely destroyed all competition in rate making. While competition was never effective as a regulator of rates, it formerly had some restraining influences. Often it has reduced rates. In other cases it has prevented rates from becoming extortionate. This was more particularly true of lines between great traffic centres For the greater number of intermediate stations on independent lines there could be no direct competition whatever

In more recent years railway managers had been working to eliminate competition even before the new plan of consolidation was devised They were quick to discover that railroads are monopolies, and that competition between them differed from competition in other lines of business. The advantages of maintaining rates were seen, and the roads early made contracts for a division of the traffic, or for the earnings between competitive points. This was called pooling In 1887 pooling was prohibited by the Interstate Commerce Law. An effort to evade the Interstate Commerce Law was then made by the roads entering into traffic agreements. These, also, were declared illegal by the Supreme Court in 1897

We come now to the great master stroke for the absolute control of the highways of commerce and trade by the consolidation of the railroads of the country under what is called the "community of interest" plan Under this plan practically the entire vital railroad mileage of the country has passed under the control of six groups of financiers, each group, in large measure, controlled by one man. The effect upon railway interests and the public has been tremendous

In order to convey some idea of the enormous combinations which have been formed in the railroad world, and of the unlimited power thereby centred in the hands of a few men, the following statement is submitted

The Six Great Systems

Classification of the Various Systems	Number of Roads Embraced	Mileage of Each System	Capitalization of Each System
Vanderbilt	[illegible]	[illegible]	$[illegible]
Pennsylvania	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Morgan-Hill	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gould-Rockefeller	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Moore-Leeds	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	$[illegible]
Allied systems	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total under control	2,090	178,307	$9,386,363,016

The disclosures of this statement are positively startling Nearly ninety per cent. of the total railroad mileage, representing, in fact, almost all of the principal commercial highways of the country, are controlled by six sets of financiers with an identity of interests which, in effect, makes a single control Need we marvel that the present rates are not only unreasonably high, but that they are being advanced from time to time? From time to time the rates go up whenever this bold and powerful tax-gatherer chooses to increase the levy

The logical results of this consolidation must be obvious to all The entire country has been partitioned and apportioned between these great railway systems. It is indeed a

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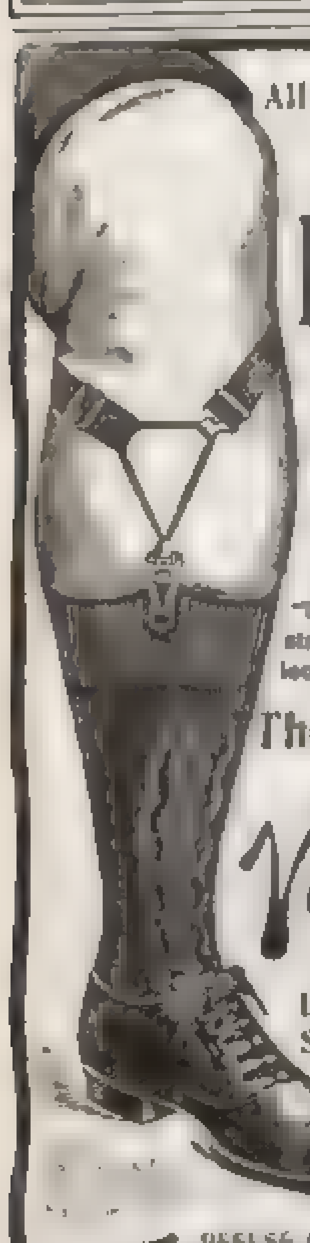

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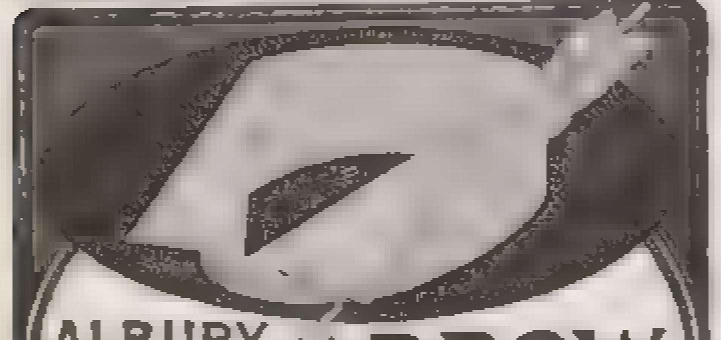

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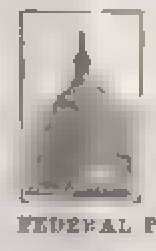

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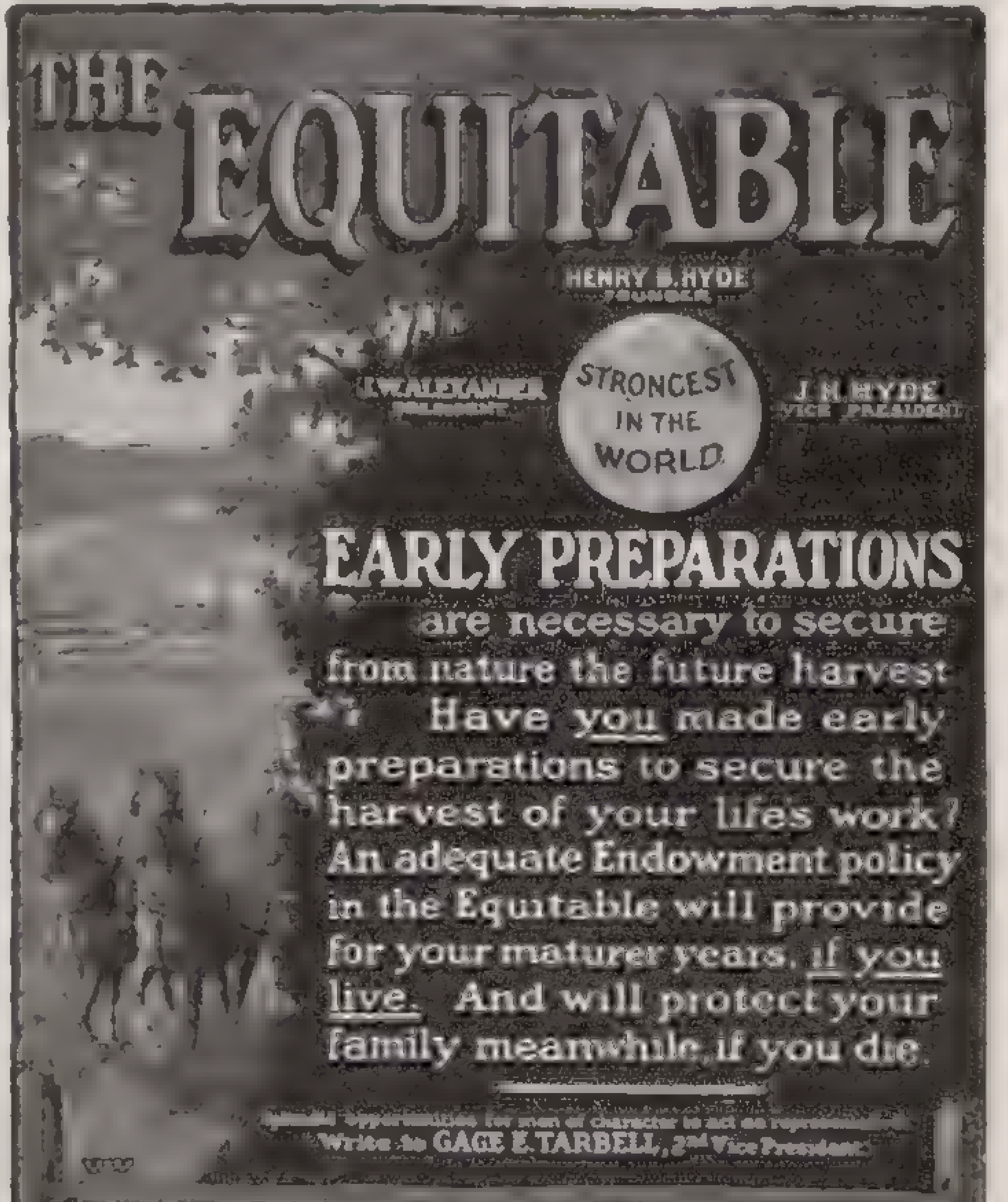

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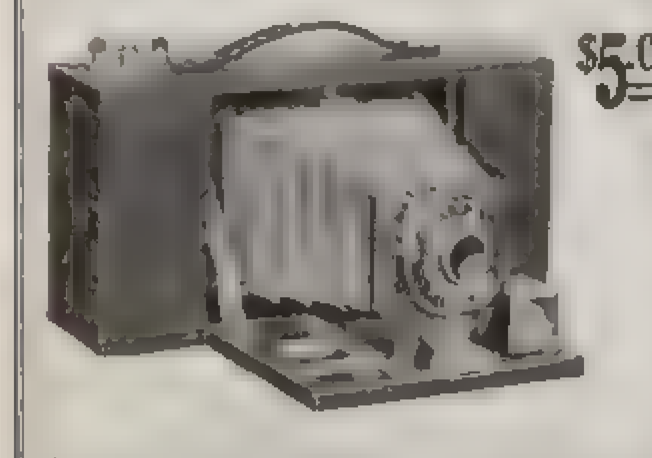

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great conquest. Each system dominates in its own territory. With agreements as to classifications, rates and division of traffic the railway business has ceased to be a competitive business. The railway business of this country has become a monopoly in fact. This monopoly controls transportation and transportation charges on interstate commerce and upon State commerce, excepting where States have provided for State control.

It was claimed for this consolidation that it would reduce expenditures, increase efficiency, and in every way aid the economies of railway traffic. It was affirmed that this was the only purpose of the consolidation. Whenever investigations conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission touched this system at any point railway managers were loud in their protestations that the public would share in the benefits arising from the changes, which were only administrative in their character, and, with manifestations of indignation from time to time, they resented any implication that such consolidation was for the purpose of "extortion" and "abuse." The insincerity of these expressions is exposed.

Railway Combination Reaching Out

Consider what the men in control have done. By consolidation 922 different roads and nearly half a hundred different railway systems have been merged into six greater systems, reaching out with their network of lines into the remotest sections of the land. Their interests are now joined. Their action is harmonious. Their purpose is a common one. They direct the movements of commerce and trade. They determine where its lines shall converge. They make the great commercial centres.

But why should consolidation stop with the consolidation of railway lines? Why should control stop with the control of transportation? Why not control great industries? Why not control markets, and fix prices to consumers? Consolidation and control of transportation systems is the base on which to build up a greater system. Observe its progress. Observe the identity in interest and ownership which is beginning to appear between the Standard Oil, steel, coal, meat and other monopolies, and the great railway systems of the country.

With the railway systems commanding all the highways, the alliance was an inevitable one. The railways consolidated into big systems, favored big shippers with millions in rebates, exacted in higher charges from rivals and from the consumers at large. The consolidation was breeding its own kind. The masters of the highways were entering the industrial fields. They owned the coal trust; they were taking on iron and steel. The captains of industry, controlling pipe-lines and transports, were hungering for a share in the highways to market. For long years they had been partners in the criminal violation of the statutory and common law. The field was enlarging. The country was entering upon a new era of expansion. The consumers were multiplying. If the railways were to control the highways the alliance was inevitable. The trusts were coming in under the system.

The motives which promoted consolidation of the railways of the country into six great systems operate with powerful effect in concentrating shipments in a few hands, with a view to large traffic transactions. A rate slightly to the advantage of one company must ultimately give the favored concerns all of the business.

As an abstract economic proposition, it may be true that increased profits in the hands of a few shippers may allow larger development than where the business is divided, but it is certainly harmful to any community in its practical application. Wealth may be more rapidly accumulated when one individual or a combination of individuals secure a monopoly of the business of any town or city, but the thrift and prosperity of every community depend upon a general, even though moderate, success coming to the largest possible number. The railroad prefers to deal with large shippers, and it encourages centralization in business. It has a contempt for the small dealer. It cannot see the individual. It is looking for tonnage. Big deals in traffic appeal to it. It creates and nourishes trusts and combinations.

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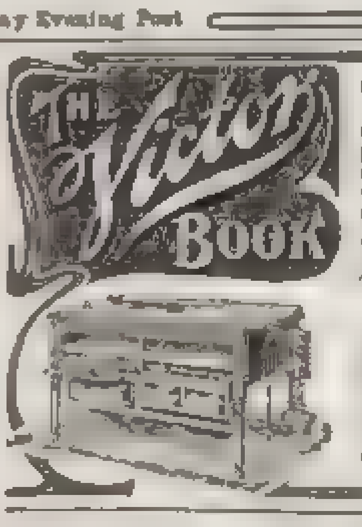

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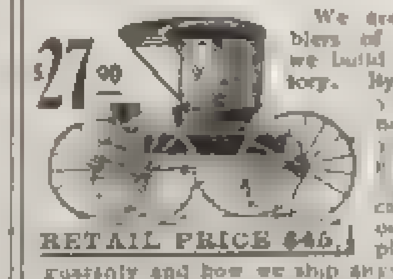

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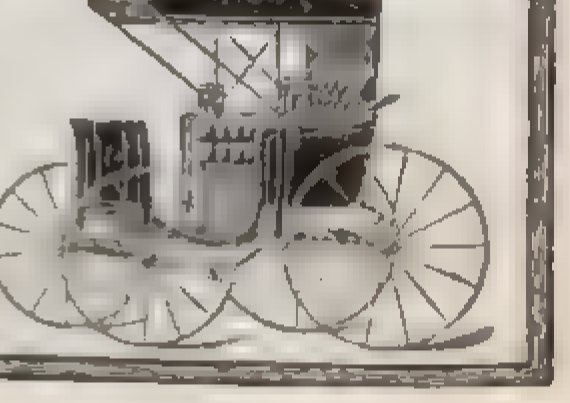

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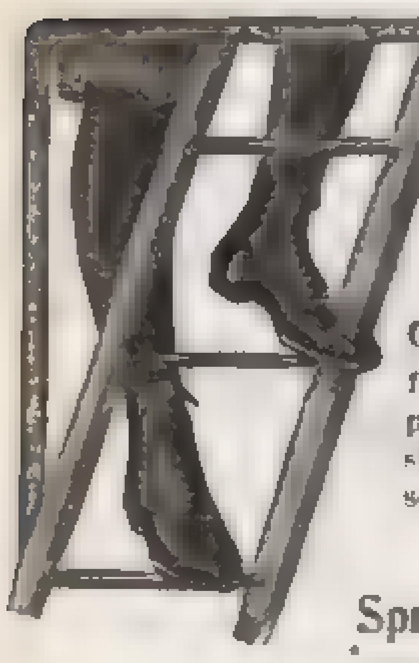

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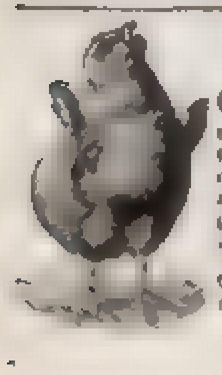

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Flaherty, Master of Love

(Continued from Page 9)

Flaherty, perhaps fortunately, was not introspective, or else he would have seen that he was not a consistent democrat. He consulted Kathleen about his anxieties, carefully concealing his real sentiments.

"If Mr. Osborne's intintions are serious," he said to her one night after Sara and Osborne had gone, "'twill be the fine t'ing fur Sara."

Without looking at Kathleen, he hummed a few bars of She is Far from the Grave Where Her Young Hero Sleeps.

"Do you think he manes annything?" asked Kathleen sharply.

"Sure, you've seen," said Flaherty, beginning to count the money in the till.

"But, Dan, 'twill never do!" cried Kathleen. "Sure, he's an Osborne of the Castle Osborne — and she — who's she?"

"No, 'twould niver do, Kathleen," said Flaherty. "I mane, I see your way of lukin' at ut. Wan person is as good as another."

"Sure, of coorse they are," said Kathleen impatiently; "but marryin's diff'runt. But I can't think he manes annything."

"Well, I don't t'ink he does yit," said Flaherty. "Sure, 'tis but two months she's been here. But he will if this goes on."

"Well, then, it can't go on. What would his mother and the great folks in th' ould counthry think if — if ——"

"But what are we to do?" asked Flaherty as he fingered the loose silver in the till.

"Well, I know he's never seen her home and don't know where she lives," said Kathleen. "I got that from that little ould woman that's clane crazy about her — the wan that lives acrost the street from her — the wan, you know, that hangs on to the arm of that counthry [illegible] ——"

"Yes, yes," said Flaherty impatiently, "but what's all this to do ——"

"Why, get her away from here, to be sure," said Kathleen. "Then he won't know where to find her."

"But won't she write to him?"

"Sure, our skirts'll be clear then, anyway," said Kathleen.

"But — I wuddn't want to fire her," hesitated Flaherty. "She ain't done a t'ing but ——"

"Who said annything about firin' her?" inquired Kathleen. "I'll let her go and be manager of the new branch instid of me."

"Well, Kathleen, if you ain't the good gurrul," said Flaherty tenderly. "I know you want that place fur yourself. You've always wanted to boss a resthrant."

"I'd do more'n that fur Mr. Robert," said Kathleen with a suspicion of tears. "And — and sure I can git back the job some time ——"

"You can that. It won't take him long to furgit Sara," said Flaherty optimistically, "and then she kin come back. If I kin boss a warrud I guess I kin git the betther iv that little blind sphalpeen, Cupud. I'll fix ut right off; I'll fix ut to-morrow."

In the morning he explained to Sara laboriously and without looking at her, the nature of her new promotion.

"And plaze not to mintion it to anny wan — not aven to the customers," he said. "They moight till some iv the waithresses, and I want no jealousy."

A slow smile dawned on Sara's red mouth.

"But I thought Kathleen was to go," she said.

"She was, but — well, it's decoided she's needed here and you there," said Flaherty.

Then for the first time he heard Sara Allerton's musical laugh.

"Mr. Flaherty, you're a dear!" she said. "And I do wish you were a relation of mine for a minute — say an uncle."

"I'd loike nothin' betther," said Flaherty, uneasy under her tone and manner. "Maybe thin I cud ask what ye mane."

"Just what I say. Of course I'll take the place. I'll go to-morrow, as you say, and of course I'll tell nobody."

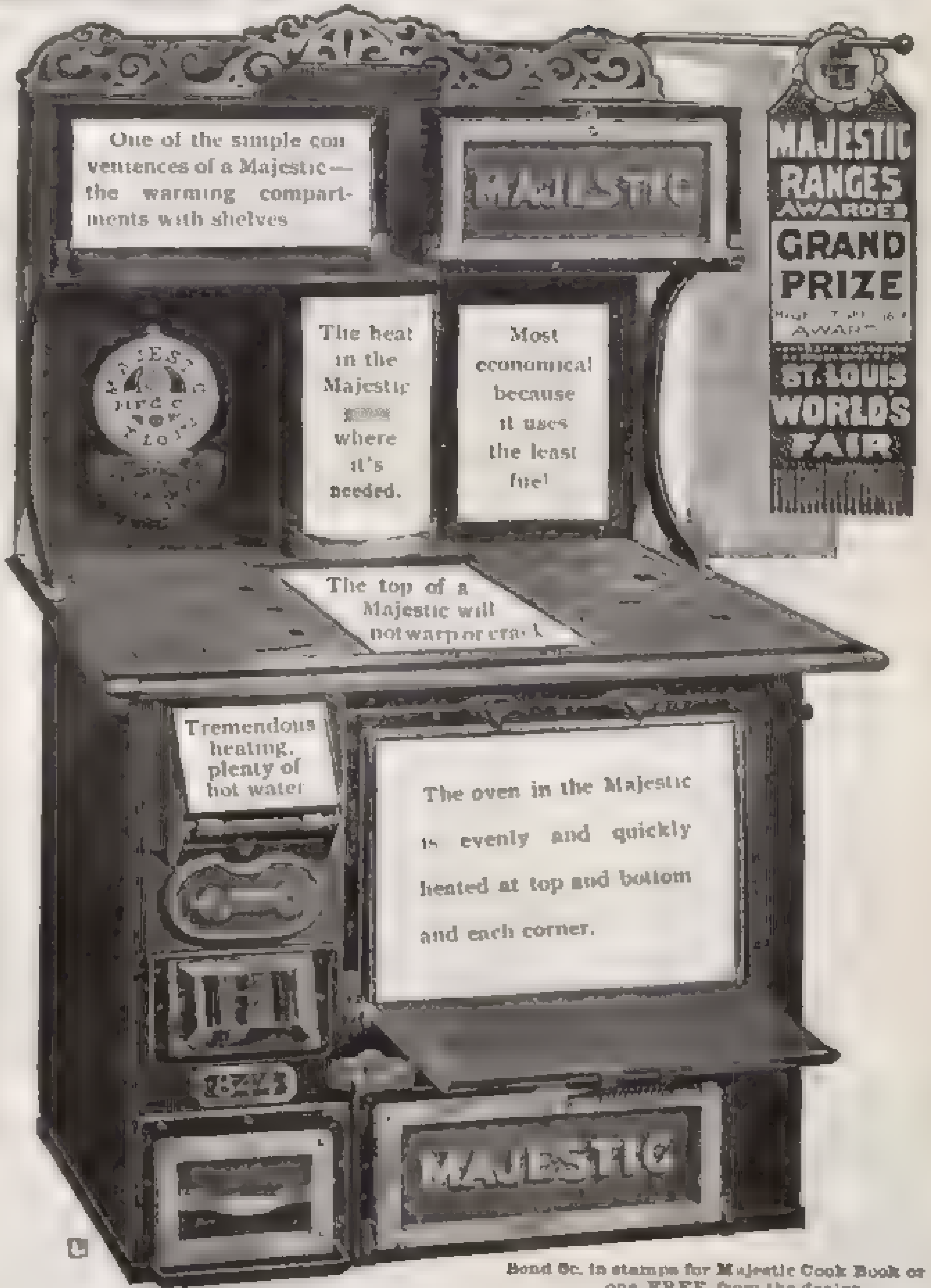
She began to set the table.

"What's that chune you're hummin'?" asked Flaherty suspiciously.

"Oh, an old song about Angus, the Master of Love," she smiled.

That night, when Osborne walked toward the piano, Sara stood at the doorway, ready to go. She hesitated a moment, and then she said:

"Let me sing to-night. You've never heard me."



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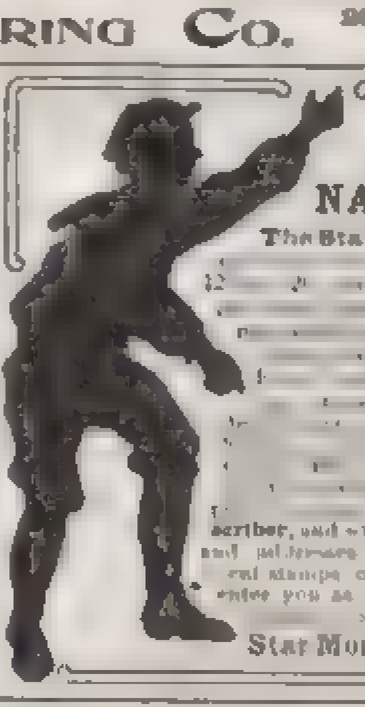

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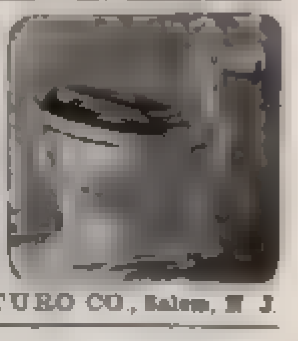

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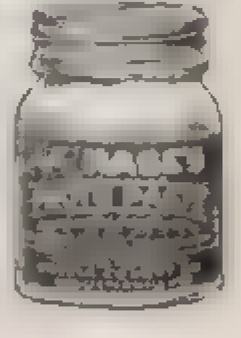

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She seated herself, and leaning over the keys she sang richly, tenderly, She is Far from the Land Where Her Young Hero Sleeps

Osborne's heart throbbed. It seemed to him that he had always known she could sing, and like that. Presently she played a few chords of an air adapted from Agadhoe, and sang, and he heard as if in a dream

Lo, in his Garden of Love, Angus the Master stands,
Scarlet and green are his hedges, purple the flowers in his hands;
And lovers stretch out their arms and sway to his luring song
Of maidens gentle and loving, of youths sweet-hearted and strong.
Oh, lover, the song may not sound for thee, draw back thy yearning arm,
Wait till the wise old Master weaves thee his primrose charm,
Wait till the green gates open in his magic Garden walls
Wait, oh, eager lover, till Angus the Master calls!

Suddenly Sara slipped from the stool and out of the door. As Osborne rose to follow her, Flaherty seized his arm and began to talk hurriedly. Osborne hardly heard him; his eyes were following Sara's hurrying figure. He actually struggled under Flaherty's detaining hand. But Flaherty talked on persistently of Ireland, wiping his heated face

"Yes, yes, I quite agree," said Osborne, wresting himself free

Flaherty gave a long sigh as the door closed

Well, I guess she's on her car be this time. Be Hivins, Kathleen, I am gettin' to feel like an assassin'. I don't b'lieve he heard a wurrud I said."

"Sure, you did fine, Dan," said Kathleen admiringly.

"Didn't Sara's cuttin' off that way come in convanient?" said Flaherty complacently.

"Humph!" said Kathleen; "that's the wan thing puzzles me. She knows."

"Knows whut?"

"That's what is beyant me. But she knows somethin' more than we do, and I think she knows what we're afther. And then — what did that song mane?"

Flaherty's color deepened

"Sure, Kathleen, ut makes me feel I've been mane. S'pose she lookes him?"

"Well, 'tis late in the day, Dan, to be thinkin' of her feelin's now. You shud have considered them before you made your plan

"My plan?" cried Flaherty. "'Tis yer sill, I'm thinkin'——"

"Adam, of coorse," said Kathleen. "Maybe you'll be sayin' nixt I hired her?"

Flaherty shook his head feebly and turned to make up his accounts

"Well, 'tis done now. Twinty and twinty's fifty."

"Oh, is it?" asked Kathleen. "And do you be thinkin' Mr. Robert'll have no questions to ask? Ye ain't a very good liar, Dan"

Flaherty shut the drawer abruptly.

"Liar or not, I ain't enough iv a saint to listen to anny more iv ye to-noight" he said. "And ye'll see me t'rough, as ye promused, or I'll bring Sara back to-morrow, moind that!"

"Sure, yes, Dan," said Kathleen hastily. "Didn't I promise?

The next day Osborne missed Sara at breakfast, at luncheon and at dinner. Finally he asked Kathleen

"Is Sara sick?"

"Sure no," said Kathleen briskly. "She's left us fur a better place"

Osborne glanced at Flaherty, whose face was bent over the till

"Where did she go?" he asked.

"Oh, some place on the West Side. Dan," she called, "didn't Sara go to the West Side?"

"Yes — where she'd git betther pay.—— And tin, and twinty."

"What restaurant; where?" persisted Osborne

"Well, I don't know," said Kathleen calmly. "Do you know, Dan?"

"Over — over in the Nineteent' Warrud, somewhere," said Flaherty, his face crimson

Osborne looked at him sharply.

"Glory be, Mr. Robert," said Kathleen quickly, "we didn't quarrel with Sara and turn her out, as you seem to think! She went to get higher pay."

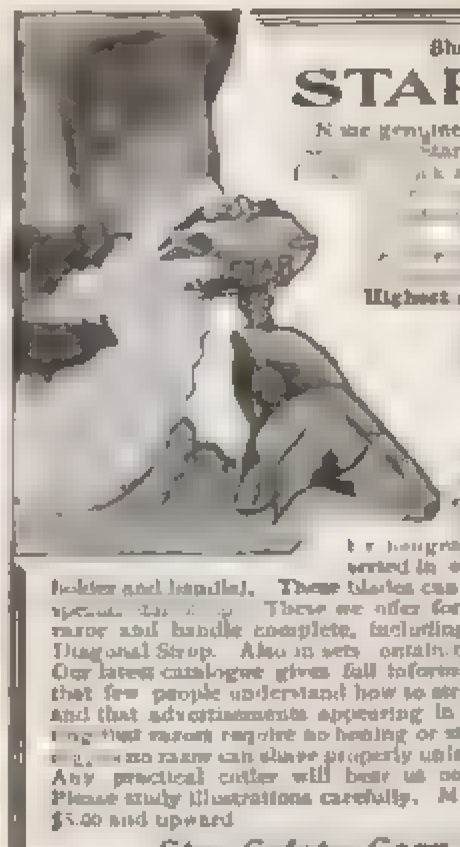
Flaherty rubbed his forehead nervously

"Whin she comes in ag'in I'll be askin' her exact addhress," he said. "We partud the bist iv frinds."

"What is her home address?" asked Osborne

"I dunnaw," said Flaherty with relief

"Humph!" said Osborne. "You told me once you always had the address of every



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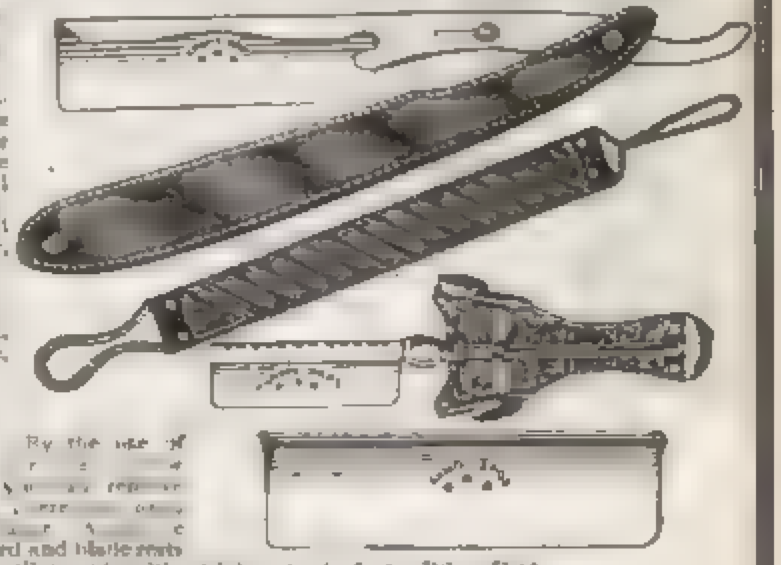

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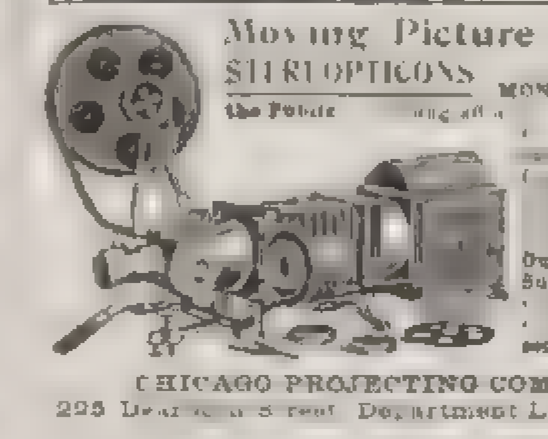

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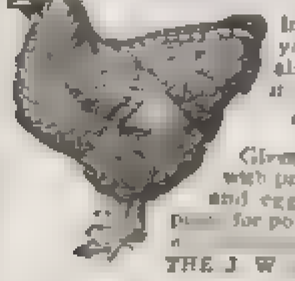

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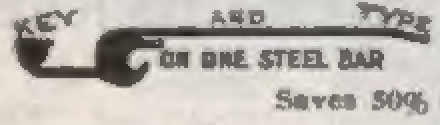

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girl you hired and personally investigated her."

"So I do," said Flaherty. "But Sara ain't a gurrul you ask sich questions to."

Osborne pursed his lips as if to whistle.

"Good-night," he said shortly, and passed into the street.

Oh, lover, the song may not sound for thee,
draw back thy yearning arm;
Wait till the wise old Master weaves thee
his primrose charm,
Wait till the green gates open in his magic
Garden walls,
Wait, oh, eager lover, till Angus the Master
calls!

And as he said the words he saw Sara in the old rose-garden of Osborne, and it seemed to him that that was her rightful place. And he knew that he would never know peace again till he found her. Never for a moment did he doubt Sara. He knew nothing about her — except everything, which was that she was the one woman in the world for him. He was full of anger against Flaherty and Kathleen. They knew where she was. He felt that he could not appeal to them, and yet he would find her if he went to every house in the Nineteenth Ward. He recalled stories he had heard of cultivated women who chose to investigate practically the problems of the poor. Perhaps she was going to write an article on the condition of the waitress. He smiled whimsically, but nevertheless he could think of no more intelligent plan than to make the rounds of all the cheap restaurants in the city.

A few days later, hurrying to a late luncheon, he saw Flaherty's pet advertisement, the countryman, with the little old woman clinging to his arm. The latter looked more nervous than ever, for it was a day when the traffic was unusually heavy. As Osborne glanced at her, a horse and wagon crossed the street sharply. The countryman had just stepped backward to exhibit his valise, and his movement pushed the woman under the horses' feet.

In a moment Osborne had her in his arms, and was hurrying into Flaherty's, followed by a surging crowd.

"Keep them out," he said to Flaherty. "Where's Sara — I mean Kathleen?"

Flaherty locked the door.

"Kathleen," he said, "tiliphone fur the docthor acrost the sthreet. Carry her to that sofy at the back, Robert Immit."

"Send for Sara!" moaned the woman.

"Sure," said Flaherty. "Kathleen, tiliphone fur Sara."

For Osborne the minutes alternately raced and dragged until the doctor, and at last Sara, came. He felt her walking through the room; he did not look at her as she sank by the side of the old woman.

"Oh, it was wicked of me to let her do it!" she cried.

Osborne looked at the clock. It was after two and he was due at the office. Time and the office, however, were nothing to him now; he felt as if the world must wait. The restaurant was empty of every one save Sara, the injured woman and himself, and Kathleen and Flaherty who stood with the doctor at the door.

"She's just shaken and tired. See, she has dropped asleep under your very hands," said Osborne.

Sara had taken his presence very naturally, but now she drooped under his eyes.

"Tell me who you are," he said.

She lifted her head. The upward tilt of her face, the parted lips, the glowing cheeks gave him a strange shock of familiarity, and unaccountably he thought of the old rose-garden.

"Now you must know," she said. "Her picture hangs in the great room of Castle Osborne."

"Robert Emmet's sweetheart, Sarah Curran?"

"And I am her great-granddaughter — shame to her that there should be one," she said, laughing with tears in her eyes.

"And you've known?"

"Oh, all the time!" she whispered. "I've been over every foot of the old lanes where they used to walk. And I've been in the old rose-garden where he told her he loved her, her only — and not your great-grandmother. I've been all through Castle Osborne. I've seen your picture next hers — the two young faces ——"

"Mavourneen," he murmured.

They had not heard Flaherty, and they looked up hand in hand to see him beside them, smiling sentimentally.

"Sure it's going to be aven in this wurruld, afther all," he said.

Sara looked at him whimsically.

"Dan Flaherty, Master of Love," she said.

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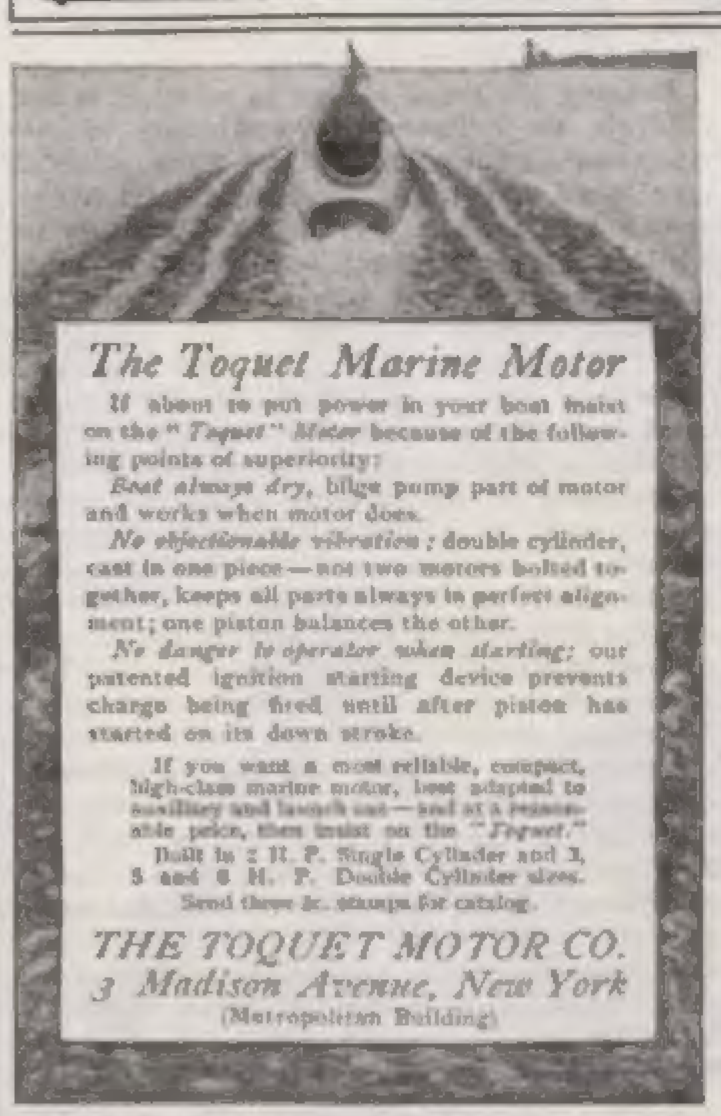

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Graft in the Winter Palace

(Concluded from Page 3)

distinguished lineage who had been known to express views that were liberal if not exactly revolutionary. And, suspicion having singled him out, Prince L. disappeared from the brilliant court circle in which he had been a gallant and admired figure, and was seen no more. None knew where he had gone and none dared to ask, for these were days in which it was not deemed safe to ask questions. It was enough to answer them, and then only sparingly. Some time after the disappearance of this young noble something was found to be wrong in the lock of one of the doors in the suite of apartments occupied by the Empress, and a workman came to make the repairs. He was a tall young man, dressed in the ordinary garb of a mechanic, and as he busied himself at his work he studiously kept his face turned from the little group of ladies in attendance who were in the room. To one of these his form seemed familiar, suggesting that of some one she had known before, she could not remember where or when; and for some time she watched him intently, hoping that he would turn his face. He did so at last for a brief moment, and in that moment she saw that this young locksmith was none other than her friend, Prince L., whom she had supposed to be far away in Siberia.

The first thought of this lady of honor was to draw the attention of her companions to what she had seen, but she hesitated because she simply did not know whom she could trust. The very presence of the disguised prince in the palace proved that the household itself was honeycombed with Nihilism, and she knew not whether or no her own husband was concerned in the plot. Therefore, after careful consideration, she determined to forget what she had seen, and the assassination of the Czar, which took place a very short time afterward, did not serve to loosen her tongue. The prince subsequently became a leader of the revolutionary party and a man of international renown, but his presence in the Winter Palace in the guise of a locksmith remains to this day a mystery to the lady who recognized him.

Bearing all these things in mind, it is not difficult to believe the testimony of an American gentleman who, after several months of travel in Russia, described to the writer less than a year ago the manner in which great works, both public and private, are undertaken and carried on within the Czar's dominions.

"The bureaucracy," said this traveler, "does not encourage individual effort of any kind, and the consequence is that the average Russian is hard-working, patient and thrifty, accustomed to the tyranny of his superiors and capable of enduring a great deal before he turns in anger upon his oppressors. He is, however, entirely lacking in initiative, and for this reason there is scarcely an important position in the commercial world of Russia that is not filled by a foreigner. Superintendents of factories, important men in mercantile houses, railway executives, engineers of construction and contractors are more apt to be German, American, Irish or English than Russian, while America is the land to which the Government turns for locomotives and for men to take charge of freight and passenger traffic, just as it did sixty years ago, when the father of James McNeill Whistler was summoned to build the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg.

Since the completion of the Siberian Railroad, which was expected to facilitate the transportation of troops to the Far East, the Government has keenly realized the inability of its own railroad men to handle the immense numbers of passengers and the enormous stores of provisions and munitions of war that were needed in Russia's fight with Japan.

Last summer an American railroad manager reached St. Petersburg in the course of a two-years' journey around the world which he was taking, in company with his wife, as a relief from the arduous labors of his position. In some way his presence in the capital became known to the Government, and he was offered a salary of $100,000 a year to take charge of the Siberian Railroad.

This offer he was obliged to decline, but it is not unlikely that if he, or any competent American railroad manager, had been installed in the place things at the front would have gone far better for Russia than they have.

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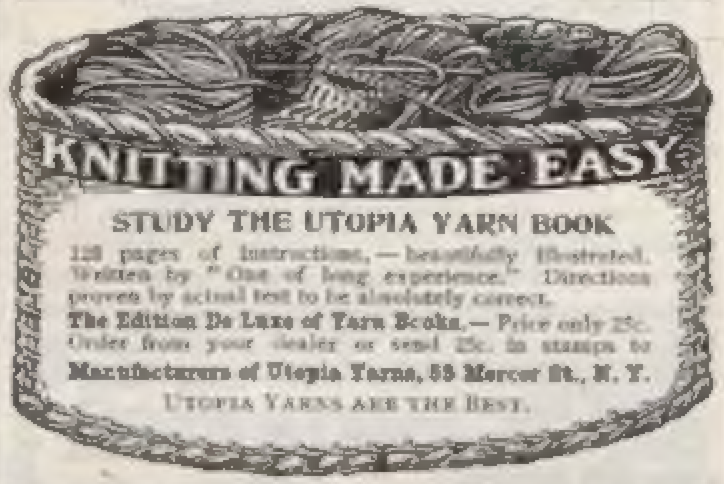

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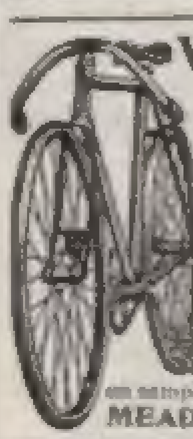

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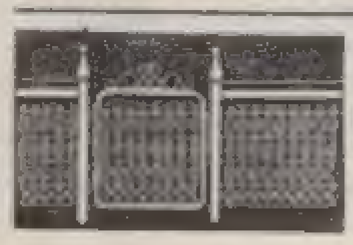

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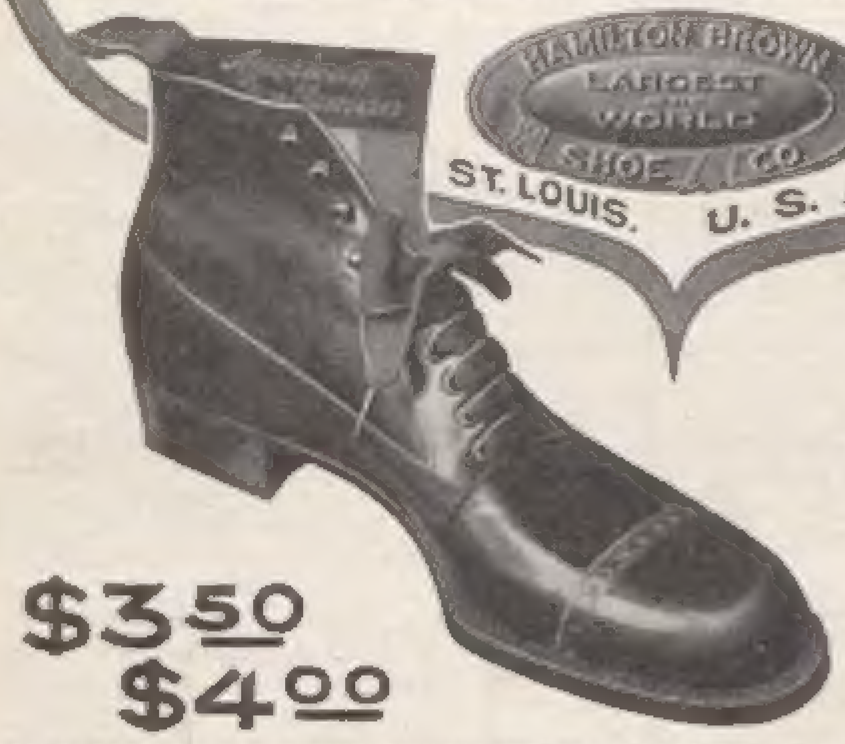

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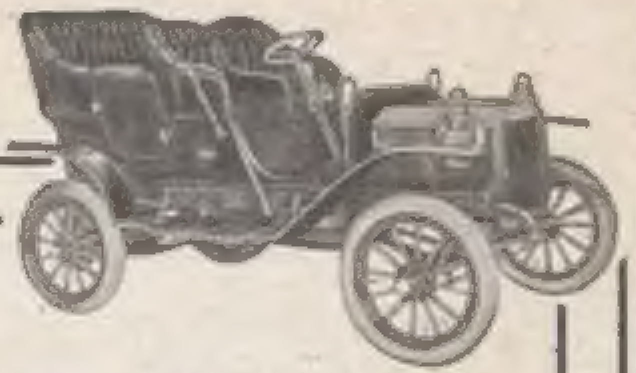

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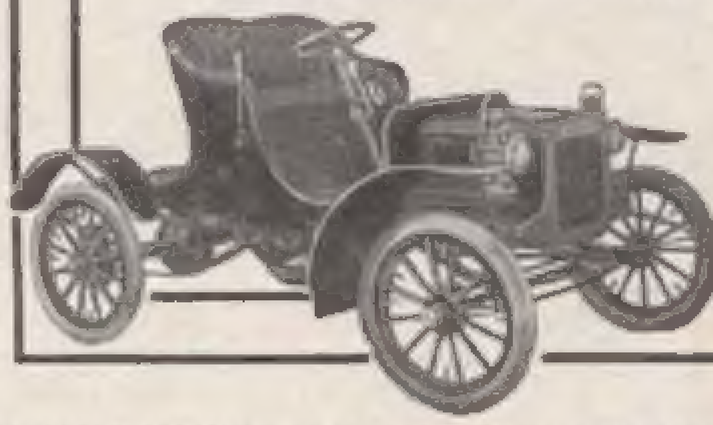

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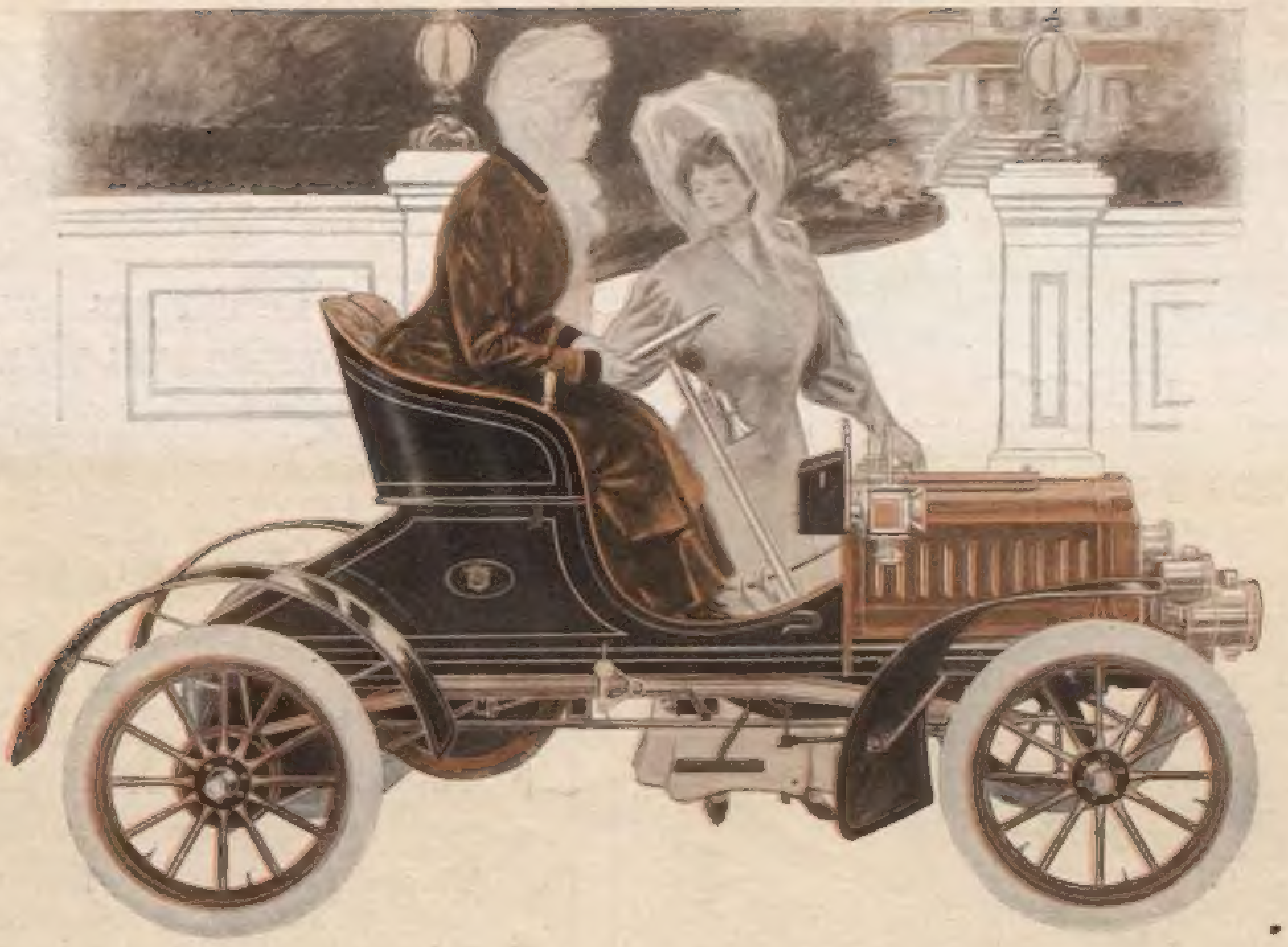

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